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MAKING THE RUNNING.—DRAWN BY W. B. WOLLEN.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The *Spectator* has incurred Mr. Walter Besant's wrath for suggesting that cricket is a tedious game. It was very rash of the *Spectator*. I have known a man say that he would as soon pay a shilling (gate-money) to see a match at cribbage as a cricket match; but he had been soured by being sent to Eton as a lower boy and taken away before he was in the fifth form; and all the time he was there he had to "fag out," and never got an innings. "There is no dexterity," says Mr. Besant, "like that of a good fielder"; but this man was not a good fielder, and all that he knew of the wicket was that they whacked him with it for his incompetence. "There is no game which commands so much admiration"—let us say rather demands it. If you don't crack it up in cricketing circles there is no knowing what may happen to you. "There is no game so full of the changes and chances of fortune." There are changes enough, Heaven knows. Why the players should shift their places every five minutes or so, unless they are dissatisfied, or even bored, with their positions, may well to the unskilled *Spectator* suggest the notion of tedium. He does not know what they are after, since they are not after the ball.

Cricketers are very "arbitrary gents," and especially in their youth. In public schools they insist upon all their fellows being as fond of the game as themselves, and in this they are backed up by the masters. No doubt it is a great convenience to these latter to find an occupation ready to their hand which keeps two-and-twenty boys accounted for at once and out of mischief. Still, it is hard upon those who do not like it to spend their half-holidays in this amusement. How would the cricketers like to be made to play cribbage in a ring fence? Without venturing to endorse the *Spectator's* view of the game, I do think compulsory cricket detestable. It is probable that the poet had this in his mind when he speaks of some Hampden junior, who the little tyrant of the field (*i.e.*, the cricket-field) withstood. Where I think the attack upon this sacred game unjustifiable is as regards the money expended upon telegraphing the details of the recent match in Australia. "This," says the *Spectator*, "marks an increase in the appetite for frivolity." Anything less "frivolous" in the way of "copy" than that column and a half I never read. Nor can cricket be called with truth by its greatest enemy a frivolous game. It is the most serious amusement (mitigated by shouting), except chess, that was ever invented.

The jealousy of cricketers as regards any other game is very marked. At present the arrows of their scorn are directed against golf, which, it must be owned, has seduced many from their allegiance. They are now, I read, endeavouring to prevent golf being introduced into our schools. They say it does not sharpen the intelligence, develop the moral qualities, strengthen the religious principle, and a number of other things, like cricket. Still, it is a very pleasant game, and I cannot conceive why boys should not play at it if they like. Most of them, we may be sure, will always prefer taking their pleasure in batches. They remind one of Poole's story: "Pray, Sir," said a person who had previously been the hindmost of a crowd, to another who had just joined it, "have the goodness not to press upon me; there is none behind to press upon you." "No," replied the man, "but there may be presently; and, besides, where's the good of being in a crowd if we may not shove?" Still, there are some quiet boys, with few friendships, to whom golf would be a most attractive game, and at present that is just the class for whom there is least provision as respects recreation in our public schools.

The *British Medical Journal* has, I am glad to see, lifted up its voice against the truth of the proverb which says of sleep: "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool." A man, on the contrary, is a fool who, finding eight hours not enough for him, refrains from taking nine. Because the desire to get up early is characteristic of old age it is not a sign of wisdom. Old men "rise up at the voice of the bird" either because they feel better when they are up or because they grudge passing what little remains to them of life in unconsciousness. It is now thoroughly understood that Young never wrote a truer word than when he called sleep "Nature's sweet restorer": she is worth all the medicine in the world, and one of the remedies recently proposed and found efficacious for persons troubled with the wear and tear of business, joined to advancing years, is the passing one day of the week in bed. At one time early rising was thought to be a moral duty, and also an essential factor in money-making: almost all of Mr. Smiles's self-made men rose at daylight or before it, intent upon turning their half-crown into three-and-sixpence. Stern old guardians enjoined the practice on their wards, moneyed uncles on impecunious nephews, and "friends of one's father" generally upon all of us, who, "like young bears," as they cheerfully expressed it, "had our troubles to come." It was to their habit of rising with the lark, they assured us, that they were indebted for having become the men they were, in which statement lurked a certain consciousness of perfectibility.

As a general rule these excellent people went to bed early, so that there was not such excessive credit due to

them as they seemed to imagine; but some of them burnt the midnight oil as well, so that they really had only a few hours' sleep. This abstinence, of course, made their day longer, and enabled them to do more work, of a certain kind, in it; but it was certainly not imaginative work. If one worked for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, as, according to their own account, was their case, one might do a good deal of reading—indeed, there would then be a chance of getting through those "Hundred Best Books" of which so much is talked and so little known—but as to original composition, two-thirds of the time would be actually wasted. The best fruit that the mind produces cannot be raised in a forcing-house. After six hours' production at the most, the brain becomes barren. Those who follow the literary profession are often called idle because they have apparently so much leisure; but if they worked twice as long their output would not be much larger, and of a very inferior kind. The simple fact is that it doesn't much matter, so far as health is concerned, whether one gets up early or late so long as a sufficiency of sleep is ensured. The man who goes late to bed should rise late; "beauty sleep"—that is, sleep before midnight—is doubtless more wholesome than sleep in the small hours, but if we can't get it we certainly don't improve matters by rising early. What is the most fatal is the "burning the candle at both ends." This is often done by professional persons, such as lawyers in large practice: some of them sit up late over their work and light their own fires in the morning before the household is astir; others (out of a certain boastfulness, I think) appear at every social function, as though they had no more to do than persons of fashion; but of this "comes in the end," if not "despondency and madness," some exceedingly unpleasant results. This would occur much more frequently but for the knack these legal luminaries possess of getting to sleep at odd times, whenever they feel inclined for it, a habit that sometimes survives—to the public scandal—after they have reached the Bench. It must be confessed that many of our best writers have been sluggards in the morning, and given the stern advocates of early rising occasions for reproof. One of them retorted by observing that "the man who is so fond of stirring must be a spoon." Another (who, by-the-by, wrote "Falsely luxurious, will not man awake?") contented himself, when rallied on being found still in bed at two in the afternoon, "But, my dear Sir, I have no motive to rise."

The death of Mr. Robert Biron, Q.C., the police magistrate, will be regretted by a large social circle, and far beyond it, for in him the poor will have lost a friend. His character was kind and genial, and those who belonged to his circuit had reason for thinking him excellent company. As an after-dinner speaker, of the cheerful sort, he had few superiors. His humour, though good-natured, was very keen. I remember an example of it which always tickled me. His expression was not that of one who passed his time in brawling courts and purlieus of the law, but was rather countrified than otherwise. This, on one occasion, caused a couple of rogues, who drove the common trade of selling sparrows in Regent's Park as "having just flow'd over from the Zoological Gardens" to imagine him an easy victim. "It's a curious bird, Sir, and we don't know its value, nor even what kind of bird it is. Now, what should you think?" "Well," said Biron, looking from one to the other of their thievish faces, "I am not quite sure, but I should think it was a jail-bird." The astonished embarrassment they displayed was, he used to say, quite remarkable.

A recent number of the *Lancet* has some curious remarks upon mysterious disappearances viewed in their psychological aspect. It seems to attribute them, more or less, to a certain form of epilepsy. "The suddenness of the disappearance, the absence of motive, and the utter inability of the patients to give even the slightest account of their experiences during the time that elapses before they come to themselves, give," we are told, "a weird character to these aberrations." For my part, I am unacquainted with this last attribute; in the cases that have come to my knowledge those who have disappeared have been generally very reticent about their proceedings while away, but could have related them if they chose. But the disappearances are weird enough without that additional mystery. It is probable that many of them are the result of sudden impulse combined with opportunity. The catastrophe in Regent's Park some years ago, when many persons were drowned through the breaking of the ice, and the sinking of the *Princess Alice* in the Thames with scores of her passengers, were followed by many disappearances. These and their like are most favourable occasions for persons who are tired of their wives and families, and perhaps in pecuniary difficulties, to set themselves free from all ties, and to begin the world with a clean slate. From henceforth they need only be known as unrecovered bodies. There are, no doubt, considerable temptations and excitements of an unusual kind to recommend this course, but it is not an easy one: for in London, large as it is, one can never count on not being identified and ignominiously collared by the police for leaving one's wife and children upon the parish.

The most singular case of disappearance is recorded, I think (for I quote from memory only), in Nicol's

"Anecdotes of Authors." A citizen of the highest respectability leaves his home and his wife and family, and without rhyme or reason disappears for twenty years or so. Not the least curious part of the affair was that he takes up his abode—well disguised, of course—in the next street, and is only discovered when his own good time occurs for revealing himself. The occasion, if I remember right, was sufficiently important, since it was to prevent his wife from committing bigamy. These voluntary Enoch Ardens must be an immense nuisance to their belongings, and are probably at least as mischievous as they are epileptic. It is worse than that return from the grave imagined by the poet, when "the hard heir strides about his lands, and will not yield them for a day," because the unfortunate heir, as he imagined himself to be, *has* to yield them, however "hard" he may be or it may seem to him. The most remarkable disappearance in modern times, because it was a double one, is, no doubt, that of the brother of Grimaldi, the famous clown: it is told in his biography, edited by Dickens. The man had disappeared for years, when suddenly he presented himself at the theatre where Grimaldi was engaged, and they had a fraternal meeting between the acts. He described himself as prosperous, and resolved from henceforth to stick to his friends and family, and seemed to look forward with great pleasure to his brother's society. He had arranged to return with him to his home when the performance was over, but when Grimaldi had finished his part, his brother, he was told, had left the theatre, and he was never seen again.

Mrs. Gaskell tells us a story—not a fiction—of the disappearance of a labourer in a Shropshire village, which has something almost of the supernatural in it, so inexplicable is the riddle. He was a paralytic, and in summer he used to be carried outside the cottage to bask in the sunshine and to watch what was going on. On a sultry day in June all the village was haymaking, and the old man's son and daughter-in-law, having placed him in his chair, from which he could not move without assistance, went with the rest. When they came home in the early evening he had disappeared. There was no possible reason for it; it seemed almost as if, in the language of an earlier period, he had been spirited away. It was a time when the press-gangs were busy, and caused a good many mysterious disappearances, but no press-gang could have coveted a paralytic. "The incident," we are told, "was never accounted for, and left" (as it well might) "a painful impression on many minds." In a recent "Note," reference was made to the loss of the *President*, which was so far mysterious that it is unusual for so large a ship to be lost without leaving a trace behind her. A relative of the captain writes me that the catastrophe was predicted by a dream of a member of his family, which in some degree broke the shock to them; but, as a general rule, the agonies of suspense in such cases must be worse than the corroboration of their fears.

If the author of "The Honour of Savelli" is not to be compared, as he modestly suggests, with a certain leading historical novelist, he follows at no great distance behind him: if he is not the rose, he has been near the rose and caught its fragrance. Avoiding France and Germany, the ground trodden by Mr. Weyman, he has turned his attention to Italy in the days of the Borgias, and has given them once more life and movement. Adventure treads somewhat too closely on the heels of adventure, but that should scarcely be a matter of complaint when we have so many novels barren of incident altogether. It must be confessed, too, that the hero is extremely lucky, and never gives us apprehensions for his safety for very long; but that, too, is pardonable in these days of melancholy stories with sad endings. Here is his first introduction to the Rome of the period—

We had by this time come opposite the Monte Testaccio—that curious mound made of old pottery, which lies towards the river, south-west of the Ostian Gate—and so engrossed were we in our talk that we did not observe a large party of riders of both sexes, with an escort of men-at-arms, coming at a hand-gallop from our right, straight in our direction. Our attention was, however, sharply drawn to the fact by the cry of an equerry who was riding well in advance of the others, and this man shouted—

"The road! The road! Way for his Holiness! Way! Way!"

We drew off at once to the side, Jacopo dismounting and sinking to his knees. I, however, contented myself with uncovering, and watching with no little astonishment the party as they came up. They were evidently returning from hawking, and at the head of the clump of riders were two men in full Turkish costume.

"Who are those Turks?" I asked Jacopo, and the knave, still kneeling and holding his hands up in supplication, answered hurriedly—

"One is the Soldan Djem, Excellency—O Lord! I trust we may not be hanged as an afternoon's amusement; the other, the fair one, old Alexander VI. himself—O Lord! What cursed luck! Kneel, Excellency; it is our only chance!"

"Tush!" I replied, and remembered at once that the brother of Bajazet, the Grand Turk, was a hostage in Rome, practically a prisoner in the hands of Alexander, a legacy he had inherited from the Cibo, and which brought him forty thousand ducats annually. I could understand Djem in Eastern costume—but the Pope masquerading in broad daylight as a Moor!

The author is a bold man, and does not hesitate to paint for us such world-renowned characters as Bayard and Macchiavelli, and to introduce us into the heart of the Vatican when the wickedest father, son, and daughter that probably ever lived held sway there.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

At the present moment it is a little difficult to understand what are the definite objects of the Independent Theatre Society. Surely the English theatre is free enough, in all conscience. In an age of "Mrs. Tanquerays" and "Mrs. Ebbsmiths," and "Gaiety Girls" and "Artist's Models," and "Gentleman Joes," *et hoc genus omne*, it cannot be denied that the advanced school and the devil-me-care school are tolerably well provided for. Only the romanticists and the lovers of the Shaksperian and poetical drama are left shivering a bit out in the cold. True, we have always our Lyceum, our Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, but when they go careering off to America, poetry and fancy go by the board. Meanwhile, where does the Independent Theatre Society come in? The advanced school has cut the ground from under their feet. If Ibsen had been found a sound, practical, and commercial investment, no doubt he would have been taken up by more than one manager. But burnt children proverbially dread the fire. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who cannot be accused of conservatism, has coquetted both with Ibsen and Maeterlinck, but there has been no marked eagerness to resume the experiment, for I fear it must be candidly owned that the paying public, as opposed to the talking public—the "blear-eyed majority" to the insignificant minority—has not felt in touch with the new drama of Scandinavia or the Belgian Shakspeare.

But whether we go mad or not over "The Wild Duck" or "Ghosts," whether we enjoy their author better in the study than on the stage, one thing is quite certain, and that is that the Independent Theatre and Théâtre Libre alike have brought into the full light of distinction artists who have from time to time given us genuine delight. The other day in Paris I had the pleasure of seeing on the stage of the Gymnase, in a play called "L'Age Difficile," the actor Antoine, who, as you know, founded the Théâtre Libre *en amateur*, found it did not pay, and now has taken to acting on the legitimate stage. I have not for years seen a finer performance than that of Antoine in "L'Age Difficile." He plays a rugged, irritable man of the Got type, and I am certain that Got—always to my mind a vastly over-rated actor—could not have done it better. There is one scene in "L'Age Difficile," in which Antoine has to listen to a lengthy tirade. He does it with his hands in his pockets and his mouth half open, but you can see by his face the impression that every word makes on his mind. So the despised amateur has become a great actor. There are exceptions to every rule. For my own part, I believe in training, in hereditary gifts, in education, in schooling, and in incessant practice. But Antoine seems to me to be a genius—one of the few, very few, actors who are born, not made.

And I need not say that the acting art has been encouraged and developed by the Ibsen and Independent Theatre school. Would, indeed, that some of the great talent fostered there could flourish more than it does in a different, and possibly not so rarified, an atmosphere! Miss Elizabeth Robins, Mr. Herbert Waring, Mr. Abingdon, and many more have distinguished themselves elsewhere, but I should like to see Miss Florence Farr, Miss Janet Achurch, Mrs. Theodore Wright, Mr. Bonney, Mr. Walsh, and others of the Ibsenite school coming out into the fresh air, as Antoine has done, and taking their proper places among the artists of our time. The tendency of Ibsen is to force talent like new peas, new potatoes, and asparagus. The seed sown in a cellar or a hot-house is all very well, and the result is tasty. But the same seed sown in the open air and warmed to life by the sun and the showers—how rich and glorious is the result! Antoine, the master of these free and Independent schools, has flung away the fetters of faddism and walked boldly on to the stage of the people. Let his Independent brothers and sisters follow him there, and win, as he has done, a popular triumph.

The object of bringing over to England the artists of the Parisian Théâtre de l'Œuvre puzzles me for several reasons. First, because the French style and nature do not assimilate with Ibsen. Secondly, because the artists who have come to see us cannot compare with our own despised and clever Ibsenites. Thirdly, because the Ibsen trick is glorified by an English translation and debased by a French one. And why start with "Rosmersholm," the one play that has a local and political significance that the world outside Norway and Sweden does not understand? "Alone among Ibsen's modern dramas," writes Mr. William Archer, "'Rosmersholm' has its origin in a definite set of political circumstances. On the whole, Ibsen received the impression that Norway was inhabited not by two million human beings but by two million cats and dogs." And so he wrote "Rosmersholm," not holding the mirror up to nature, but by burying the mirror in Norway.

"The Blue Boar" by Mr. Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, is a capital bit of fun, extremely well-written, fresh, hearty, and wholesome. It is always a delight to see Mr. Edward Terry as a frightened and persecuted husband. There is no more genuinely funny actor on the stage. With him literally the "gunpowder runs out of

the heels of his boots." His virile pluck oozes out of every perspiring pore when he is worried. And Miss Fanny Brough has developed a great talent for strong-minded ladies and mannish women. In this play she ought to wheel upon the stage on a bicycle and in a "rational" costume. It would have made a great hit, as it does in Paris, in "L'Age Difficile." I commend the notion to Mr. Terry for the country. But one of the successes of the evening was made by Mr. Harcourt Beatty, who ought to do great things some day. It may sound an absurd thing to say that I am convinced by seeing him play in an extravagant part in a modern farce that he could play Shakspeare, but I believe it. He has fun, but has power also. In an instant he can swing the scene into excitement; and that is a difficult matter for a youngster, in days when dramatic excitement is discounted, and the stage a little flabby.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

The Japanese naval squadron made an attack on the small islets of Pescadores, off the northern extremity of the large island of Formosa, and effected a landing there. The northern ports of Formosa are blockaded by Japanese ships. Li-Hung-Chang, the Chinese Plenipotentiary Ambassador for terms of peace with Japan, while daily attending the conferences with Count Ito and Viscount Mutsu, at Simonoseki, was on Saturday, March 23, assaulted by a lunatic assassin. Going through the street to his residence, he was shot at with a pistol by a Japanese youth named Koyama, twenty-one years of age, who is said to be insane. The bullet inflicted a slight wound in the face, but Li-Hung-Chang's life, which has been illustrious and serviceable to China, is not in danger. The Mikado or



THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA: THE LAST OF THE CHINESE CRUISER "YANGWAI."

Emperor of Japan, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and all the high officials of the Court, have earnestly condoled with him, and apologised for this outrage. Our Illustrations include a picture of the residence at Nagasaki occupied by the embassy which vainly visited Japan some weeks ago with unsatisfactory credentials, failing to effect any step towards peace. When the embassy returned to Kobe the mob showed a very unfriendly attitude, which necessitated a strong escort of police. The view we give of the Chinese cruiser *Yangwei* in its wrecked condition has a pathos of its own.

## THE ANCHOR SHIELD.

One of the most delightful centres in the southern cycling world is the Anchor at Ripley. It has long been the rendezvous for hundreds of riders who appreciate the beauty of the scenery *en route* to this Surrey village. In fact, as regards cyclists, all roads lead to Ripley. The Misses Dibble have shown their interest in the recreation of their many guests by presenting a handsome shield for competition among various clubs. On March 3 there was a picturesque procession of cyclists from Ditton to Ripley, for the purpose of handing over this trophy. The long line of riders was headed by the captain, officers, and members of the Polytechnic Cycling Club, followed by the past presidents and officers of the Southern Cyclists' Camp and the past presidents and officers of the Northern Cyclists' Camp. Then came the Anchor Shield, carried on a tandem safety bicycle by the winner, Mr. Albert E. Walters, Polytechnic C.C., who won it with the record performance of 258 miles 120 yards in twelve hours. He was followed by Mr. W. T. Walton, of the same club, who rode 234 miles 750 yards in twelve hours.

## THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE.

By the time this Journal is in the hands of our readers, the Universities' Boat-Race will, in all probability, be an accomplished fact. Both crews have been busily practising under the coaching of experienced men. In the Cambridge boat Mr. Stewart's place was taken on March 25

by Mr. J. F. Beale, as the former was unwell. Mr. S. D. Muttelbury has been indefatigable in instructing the Cantabs, who, however, have not found so much favour with the critics as the Oxonians. We give the portraits of both crews, in accordance with our custom, as well as sundry views of them practising.

## VENETIAN ART AT THE NEW GALLERY.

We are warned by the advent of "Show Sunday" that winter exhibitions—however attractive—have had their little day, and must give place to spring novelties. The "Venetian" Exhibition has been the fitting supplement of last year's display of North Italian art, and we have been able to understand the reason which induced the committee to keep the art of Venice and her dependencies distinct from that of the rest of Italy. While the Tuscans were giving prominence to composition and beauty of line and form, and the Umbrians were making "the human face divine" convey the noblest and loftiest ideal of soul, Venice had become the centre of a different form of art, not less fruitful and far-reaching in its influences. The process of development had been slower, but it was not less independent, although the intimate relations of the Venetians with the Flemish on one side and the Greeks and Orientals on the other disposed them to a love of gorgeous colouring and an early appreciation of those effects of light which the peculiarities of the local atmosphere provided in such profusion. A few works have been selected on the present occasion which bring out in a special manner the distinctive peculiarities of the Venetian school. The picture of St. Catherine, bound with white flowers, lent by the Glasgow Corporation, is by Bartolommeo Veneto, a little-known pupil of Gentile Bellini, who was living at the beginning of the sixteenth century. He sometimes signed himself "Bartolommeo mezzio Veneziano e mezzio Cremonese," which has led to the belief that

he was a native of the latter city but an art-student at the former. Cariani and Bonifazio, both pupils of Palma Vecchio, conceived types of the Madonna, differing alike from their master and each other. Cariani, following in this respect the tendency of the schools of Northern Europe, represents Madonnas of a rustic, simple type—"energetic and serious," as Morelli calls them; while Bonifazio gives them a sweet and gentle expression, often bordering on the sentimental. No painter has offered more difficulties to the art-critic than Bonifazio, for while it was formerly the custom to speak of only one painter of this name, recent investigations seem to establish the existence of three artists of the name—one belonging to Venice and two to Verona. Pordenone and Paris Bordone both came from the neighbourhood of Treviso, and whoever may have been their first teachers, they showed in later years the direct influence of the two great glories of the Venetian school, Titian and Giorgione. The former probably possessed more than any other painter the qualities of a great artist. He was a splendid draughtsman—

dignified in expression and fertile in invention. In landscape and portraiture he was at once a poet and a painter; and Reynolds truly said of him that whatever he touched, however naturally mean or habitually familiar, by a kind of magic he invested it with grandeur and importance. Giorgione was distinguished by a richness and transparency of colouring and by a refinement of sentiment never surpassed among painters. "His few works," says Signor Morelli, "which have come down to us show an original and highly poetical mind, his simple, unprejudiced, and fine artist-nature speaks out of them so freshly, so winningly, that whoever has once understood him can and will never forget him."

The Exhibition will finally close on April 6, when its treasures will be restored to their possessors, with the thanks of those who have enjoyed the privilege of studying them.

If it was necessary to come to England for the new Bishop of Adelaide, it was impossible for a wiser selection to be made than that of the Rev. John Reginald Harmer, Fellow and Dean of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. The Bishop-Designate had a brilliant career at Cambridge, where he was in succession a Scholar of King's, Bell Scholar, Caius prizeman, Evans prizeman, and Scholefield prizeman. He graduated fifth classic in 1881; he also took a first class in the Theological Tripos. He was elected a Fellow of King's in 1883, the year of his ordination. He was Curate of Monkwearmouth for a little time, but in 1884 Bishop Lightfoot invited him to become his domestic chaplain, and he continued to be his right hand in all the work of the diocese until the Bishop's death, in 1889. He returned to Cambridge the following year as Fellow of Corpus Christi, and in 1891 he became Vice-Principal of the Clergy Training School, but was shortly afterwards chosen as Dean of Corpus. He has not written much himself, but he has edited Bishop Lightfoot's "Apostolic Fathers," as well as other posthumous works of his great master. Lightfoot was not only the greatest scholar of his time, he was a wise and capable worker, and these characteristics he implanted in those who were privileged to serve under him.



THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY OF  
PRINCE BISMARCK.

On April 1 Prince Bismarck will complete the eightieth year of his eventful life. The world joins with the German Empire in congratulating her "Grand Old Man." The Emperor has already begun to commemorate the anniversary by honouring the veteran statesman with a personal visit. Four hundred members of the Upper and Lower Houses of the Prussian Diet and of the Reichstag went to Friedrichsruh on March 25 to pay their tribute of affection and esteem. The Prince delivered a brief patriotic speech in reply to their congratulations. "If I were in robust health," concluded Prince Bismarck, "I could say much more to you, but I am a feeble old man. I deplore that I am no longer able to work with you, but I am not strong enough to face the multifarious trials of an existence in Berlin. I am old and indolent, and I wish to end my days in the house which I now inhabit. But my thoughts are with you, perhaps to a greater extent than is fitting for a man of my age. But I cannot suddenly abandon my former ideas because I am old and ill. They never leave me. I cannot give better expression to the sentiments which fill my heart than by requesting you to cling fast to the Imperial idea, even in the Prussian Diet, not to forget that you are citizens of an Empire, and to think of him who is your King and Emperor, and who has duties towards the Empire and his confederates. I beg you not to pursue a Brandenburg or a Royal Prussian policy, but an Imperial German policy." Prince Bismarck then called for cheers for the Emperor, which were enthusiastically given. A varied programme, sufficient to tax the strength of a much younger man, has been arranged for the next few days. Prince Bismarck, as will be seen by his latest portrait, has visibly aged.



Photo by Tahn, Munich.

PRINCE BISMARCK, WHO ATTAINS HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY ON APRIL 1.

SUBSIDENCE OF A TUNNEL  
NEAR GUILDFORD.

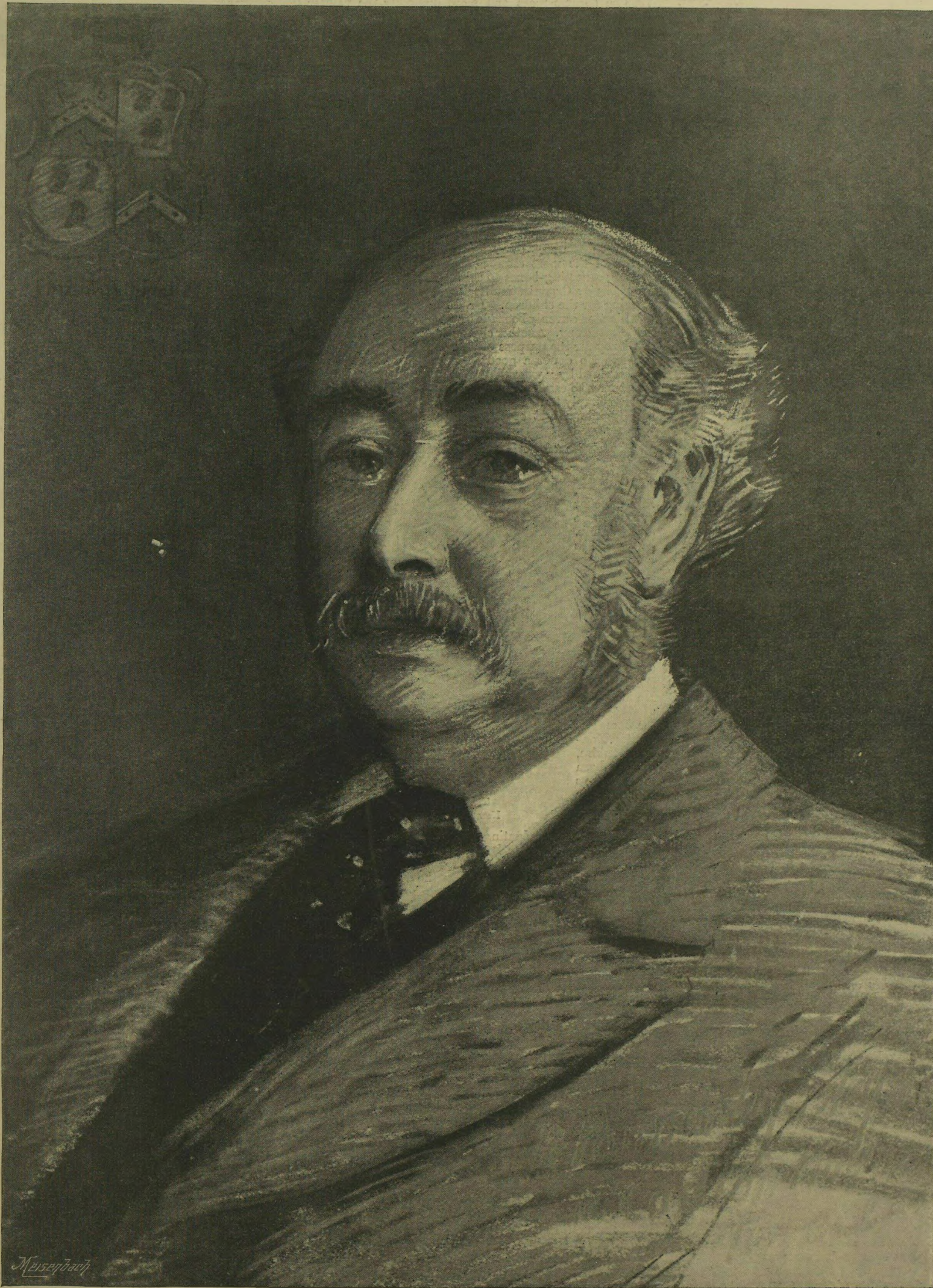
After a singular freedom from accidents on the southern system of railways, a curious, and what might have proved a very dangerous, subsidence of a tunnel on the London and South-Western Railway near Guildford occurred early on Saturday morning, March 23. The tunnel is about 360 ft. long, and runs under the high sand-hill surmounted by the ruins of St. Catherine's Chapel. Just before midnight on Friday a train with three or four empty carriages, nearing Guildford, was suddenly stopped in its progress through the tunnel. The driver, fireman, and guard then discovered that a portion of the tunnel had fallen. About an hour later more debris was dislodged, and embedded the engine and carriages. About 30 ft. from the tunnel is a house, of which the stables and coach-house were built over the tunnel. These, with four carriages and two horses, have been swallowed up by the accident, and the animals must have perished almost immediately. Very soon after the notification of the occurrence, a gang of a hundred navvies extemporised a platform, omnibuses were commissioned to convey passengers whose journey was interrupted, and everything was done to mitigate the inconvenience caused to traffic. Naturally, the scene of the subsidence has been visited by thousands of persons, including some directors and prominent officials of the London and South-Western Railway Company. It is hoped that in a fortnight's time the damage may be repaired. There is sound reason for congratulation that no passenger-train was involved. St. Catherine's Hill was the subject of a picture by Turner, and has often figured in landscapes contributed to the Royal Academy and to other picture galleries.



SUBSIDENCE OF ST. CATHERINE'S TUNNEL, GUILDFORD.

Photo by W. Shewcross, Guildford.





SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY, BART., M.P., A CANDIDATE FOR THE SPEAKERSHIP.

*Drawn from Life by Mr. R. Ponsonby Staples.*



## PERSONAL.

Wales has long had cause to be proud of Professor Rhys, and Oxford has now to be congratulated on the addition

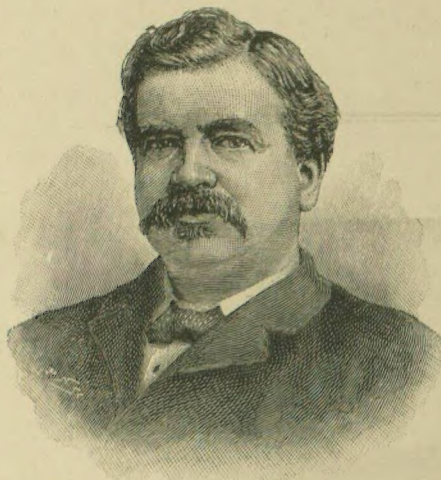


Photo by Elliott and Fry.  
PROFESSOR RHYSS.

to the lay heads of houses by his election to the principalship of Jesus College, in the place of the late Dr. Harper. The new Principal, who is in his fifty-fifth year, is a Welshman born and bred, one to whom in his youth English was a foreign tongue. At the end of a course of study at Bangor Normal College, he kept a private school till 1865, when he entered Jesus College. After election to a Fellowship at Merton in 1869, Professor Rhys made a prolonged stay at the Sorbonne, then at Heidelberg and other German Universities. This was followed by his appointment as School Inspector for Flint and Denbigh. Readers of Matthew Arnold's delightful "Lectures on Celtic Literature" will remember his strong pleading for the founding of a chair of Celtic at Oxford. When this came about Mr. Rhys was felt to be the only possible candidate, and amply has he justified his appointment, for he is so much more than a philologist, having that "saving grace" of comparative sense which enables him to apply the solutions suggested by Celtic studies to the larger problems of racial movements and to the intellectual and spiritual history of man. Numerous are his works on Welsh philology and mythology, and, to be specially noted, his "Hibbert Lectures on Celtic Heathendom." His public spirit and manysidedness have caused the State to avail itself of his services on the Welsh Land Commission, and this new appointment will attract his countrymen more than ever to a college whose associations are essentially Celtic.

The struggle over the Speakership seems likely to resolve itself into a contest between Mr. Gully, as the Ministerial candidate, and Sir Matthew White Ridley as the representative of the united Opposition. There seemed for a time some chance that the Government would, after all, persuade Mr. Courtney to be nominated; but any movement in that direction has been summarily checked by Mr. Chamberlain. On the Ministerial side there is a strong feeling that the Government ought not to accept Sir Matthew White Ridley, and on the Conservative side it is said that, should a Ministerial nominee be elected, he will be ejected from the Chair by a Unionist majority in the next Parliament.

The political situation at Leamington is unchanged. Mr. Nelson refuses to withdraw, and Mr. George Peel is determined to go to the poll. The Liberals intend to contest the seat, but they have failed to induce Mr. Roland Leigh, second son of Lord Leigh, to come forward. The Leighs are supporters of the Government, but their personal relations with the Speaker's family are so close that this circumstance has probably determined them to take no part in the struggle. The most curious point of the controversy between the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists at Leamington is that while the latter claim the Speaker as one of themselves, the former maintain that he is not a Unionist at all. As Mr. Peel is precluded by his position from making any definite statement one way or the other, the complication is unprecedented.

The state of Lord Rosebery's health is still a cause of anxiety. It is hoped that the sea air at Walmer will put an end to the insomnia from which he is suffering. A sea voyage is a better remedy still; but in the present state of affairs the absence of the Prime Minister on a prolonged cruise would be a serious inconvenience to the public service. Lord Rosebery is able to transact a considerable amount of business, but with impaired energy.

Mr. Alfred Downing Fripp, who died at Hampstead on March 13, was the younger of two brothers whose names

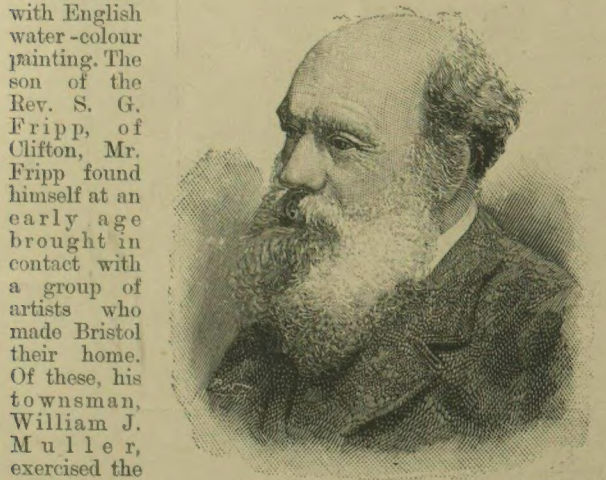


Photo by Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE MR. A. D. FRIPP.

will always be associated with English water-colour painting. The son of the Rev. S. G. Fripp, of Clifton, Mr. Fripp found himself at an early age brought in contact with a group of artists who made Bristol their home. Of these, his townsman, William J. Muller, exercised the greatest influence on his career as an artist. After some years of study at Bristol he joined his brother, who was already established in London, and set

himself to improve his work by study at the British Museum and at the Royal Academy schools. At the age of twenty-two he was elected an Associate of the "old" Water Colour Society. In the summer of the same year he set off with three brother-artists, Messrs. F. Goodall, F. W. Topham, and Mark Anthony, on a tour in the West of Ireland, and Alfred Fripp at first made his mark as a figure-painter, his favourite subjects being groups of Irish peasantry, and later he added similar "notes" of his wanderings in Wales and the Highlands of Scotland. In 1846 he had been elected a full member of the Water-Colour Society, where he regularly exhibited and was highly appreciated. In 1850 he went to Rome, and from this time Italian subjects mainly occupied his brush. After his return to England in 1858 he became more and more distinctly the painter of English scenery, Blandford and Swanage especially attracting him, and becoming his temporary home. He succeeded William Callow as Secretary to the "old" Society in 1870, and held the post down to his death.

Mr. Gladstone has returned from the Riviera in abounding health and spirits. He is reported to have told an interviewer in Paris that while life remains to him his services are at his country's call, but this is not generally construed to mean that he contemplates a return to the political arena. He has devoted his holiday chiefly to omnivorous reading, and the booksellers in the Riviera are said to be quite exhausted by their efforts to supply the needs of a man who in his eighty-sixth year can read ten hours a day.

The Charity Organisation Society has adopted a resolution against the employment of children to tout for money in the streets. At present one is met at every corner of the most crowded thoroughfares by little girls rattling collecting-boxes on behalf of hospitals and asylums. The Charity Organisation Society says this is a very bad training for the children. Dr. Barnardo retorts that such an objection can only be made by an arbitrary trade unionism in philanthropy. Another champion of the practice says it is necessary for the purpose of "worrying" money out of the public. No doubt a good many contributions to charities are obtained by "worrying"; but this importunity in the street may be carried too far. To let loose children in this fashion simply to make themselves a nuisance, and to turn charity into a sort of blackmail, is a dubious policy at the best.

The choice of the Governors of Rugby School for a Head Master to succeed the new Bishop of Hereford has fallen upon the Very Rev. Herbert Armitage James. Mr. James has had wide experience of scholastic work, and may be trusted to sustain the high reputation held by the school. He is the son of the Rev. Dr. James of Panteg, Monmouthshire, and was born fifty years ago. He was educated at Lincoln College, Oxford, graduating B.A. (first-class *Lit. Hum.*) in 1867. Two years later he was elected to a Fellowship at St. John's College, and in 1870 he proceeded M.A. He was ordained deacon in 1870 by the Bishop of Oxford, and priest in 1872. For two years he was Dean of his college, and from 1872 to 1875 he was Assistant Master at Marlborough College, when Dr. Farrar was Head Master. From 1875 to 1886 he was Head Master of Rossall School, doing splendid service to the cause of education and winning the affection of the boys. For the next three years he was Dean of St. Asaph, but returned to his profession in 1889 as Head Master of Cheltenham College. Mr. James has still a keen interest in cricket, is a just disciplinarian, and a first-rate preacher to boys, as a volume of sermons, entitled "School Ideals," testifies.

The Monday Popular Concert of March 25 was, for some unexplained reason or other, unanimously elevated into a social event of some importance. Whether or not it was by way of celebrating the death and funeral of King Influenza we have no particular means of judging. The fact remains. Sir Frederick Leighton was in his customary seat; Lady Coleridge and a crowd of notable and distinguished people were present, including the Chief Secretary for Ireland, not disdaining—as Macaulay would inevitably have said in celebration of such an occasion—to steal a few moments from dull orations upon Disestablishment for the relief which only art and beauty and distinction could confer upon the weary statesman. Herr Joachim, M. Sauer, and Herr Paul Ludwig were rightly, by their title of artist, the attractions of the evening. They played an early and elaborate Brahms; M. Sauer played Schubert's too-famous "Wanderer" fantasia with infinite energy, and Herr Joachim's interpretation of a well-known "Adagio" by Spohr was received with enthusiasm. Mlle. Silvia Rita, the vocalist, who sang commonplace songs in a commonplace manner, was the recipient of a favour which we have long since, for such occasions, dismissed to minor provincial towns—she received a bouquet.

There is a welcome improvement in the health of Lady Waterford, whose condition has for some time given great anxiety to her friends. Few women of her time have possessed so winning a charm. In Egypt, which she and Lord Waterford visited last year, her name is a household word for womanly sympathy and grace. In England and Ireland politicians of all parties cherish for her an

enthusiastic regard. She has borne much suffering with great fortitude, and her improved health is the cause of rejoicing in a very wide circle.

One of the most diligent workers in the byways of literature was Mr. James Sime, who died on March 20. He was the son of a Scotch Presbyterian minister, and was educated at the University of Edinburgh and also at Heidelberg, acquiring an exceptional acquaintance with German literature, which afterwards qualified him to write his admirable *Life of Lessing*, and a critical study of Goethe. The biography of Lessing has been translated into several European languages. He renounced quite recently his ambitious project of compiling a history of Germany from the mass of material he had accumulated for that purpose. His literary labours were multifarious. He was an occasional contributor to the *Graphic*, the *Athenæum*, and other papers, and was literary adviser to the important house of Macmillan. The reading public was more indebted to this modest penman than it knew, for his discrimination was responsible for the publication of much valuable literature, and his own work was always conscientiously excellent. Mr. Sime was only fifty-one years old. A brother of his, ten years his junior, recently died at Calcutta, where he wrote for some of the Anglo-Indian journals.

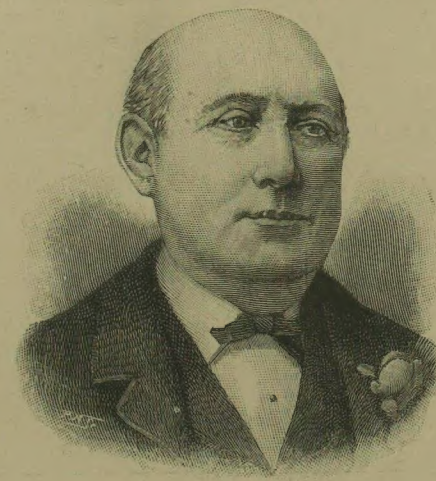


Photo by Boucher, Brighton.  
THE LATE MR. JAMES SIME.

At the Albert Hall, on Thursday, March 21, the Royal Choral Society, for the first time in London, gave a performance of Mr. Henschel's "Stabat Mater" (produced originally at the Birmingham Festival, the soloists being Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Henschel, Mrs. Henschel, and Miss Hilda Wilson. Frankly, we prefer Rossini, with all his strange profanities and brilliant inappropriateness. Mr. Henschel is too dull, too sombre, too monotonous to be really and genuinely interesting. It is marvellous that so much thoughtfulness and evident labour should have been wasted upon a work which in effect engrosses us so little. If Mr. Henschel would be ambitious, we only feel that he has succeeded in being audacious without justification; if he would be sweet, we do not find him equable and constant to his desires. Still, the choir sang it well, showed signs of careful rehearsal, and more or less gave distinction to the composition. Mr. Lloyd is always adequate; and Mr. Henschel has so much the temperament of the artist and the singer that much may be forgiven him, even so unlikely a composition as the "Stabat Mater."

The City is much disturbed by the prosecution of certain stockbrokers for obstructing the traffic of Throgmorton Street. It seems that when the Stock Exchange is closed, its business is moved into the thoroughfare; and the objection of the police is met by the assertion that important telegrams from Paris and Berlin after official hours make the informal throng in Throgmorton Street indispensable. If the Stock Exchange cannot prolong its toil later than four o'clock, it seems desirable that some suitable place should be found for the transaction of the business that comes later; though to move from one lawful enclosure to another simply because some magical virtue in the hour of four demands the closing of the first seems like a burlesque of businesslike habits.

The co-operative movement has lost in Mr. J. T. W. Mitchell one of its men of light and leading. His name



THE LATE MR. J. T. W. MITCHELL.

was known by hundreds of thousands to whom his death has meant a very real bereavement. Mr. J. T. W. Mitchell was a native of Rochdale, a centre which has given birth to so many distinguished co-operators. For twenty-one years he had been chairman of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, an arduous work for which he would receive no salary. The annual business of this great society amounted to ten millions sterling, so that it required a clear brain and an extraordinary power of organisation to preside over its management. Mr. Mitchell was a "captain of industry," whose labours it would be difficult to overrate. He had recently declined a seat on the board of directors of the Manchester Ship Canal, considering that his hands were too full to permit of this addition to the claims upon his time. He was born on Oct. 18, 1828, and died on March 16.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Cimez, Nice, enjoys until after the middle of April her annual sojourn in the mild Riviera climate. She drives out with Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, usually through the grounds of the Villa Liserb, the Villa Montebello, and Valrosa, on that sunny hill-side, with its delightful parks and groves and wide views of the sea-coast; or she visits the picturesque mountain scenes behind, the rocky glens and the cascades of their exhilarating streams.

The young children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, sent from England with their governess to stay with their grandmother, arrived safely at Nice. On Thursday, March 21, the Queen, taking with her another little grandson, Prince Leopold of Battenberg, drove into the city, was greeted by the Mayor, and was a spectator, in her carriage at the opening of the Rue du Congrès, of the floral carriage procession and the Carnival street frolics, called the Battle of Flowers. Her Majesty, to amuse the child, deigned to throw a few bouquets at French officers passing in gaily decorated brakes. In the gallery that was erected by the Municipality for privileged spectators were Princess (Beatrice) Henry of Battenberg and

Conservative or Unionist opponent, and who obtained 3740 votes against 3500 for Mr. H. Gore, an Independent philanthropic candidate.

The German Reichstag, or Imperial Parliament, on Saturday, March 23, by a vote of 163 against 146, rejected an official proposal to send by its President the national congratulations to Prince Bismarck on his eightieth birthday. William II. then sent to Prince Bismarck the following telegram: "I express to your Serene Highness my deepest indignation at the resolution just adopted by the Reichstag. It is absolutely at variance with the feelings of all the German Sovereigns and their peoples." The Emperor has visited Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruh, inspected his regiment of Cuirassiers, and presented to him a sword of honour.

The widowed Russian Czarina or Empress, sister of the Princess of Wales, has arrived at Copenhagen on a visit to her parents, the King and Queen of Denmark.

The infant daughter of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, one of the latest great-grandchildren of Queen Victoria, was baptised at Darmstadt on Sunday with the names "Elizabeth Mary Alice Victoria."

heights. Captain Ross, forty-six soldiers (Indian native), and eight camp-followers were killed; Lieutenant Jones, who was wounded, brought back only fourteen of his men to Boni. The force then retired to Mastuj, whence this bad news was communicated, on March 18, in a letter from Captain Bretherton. An army of 14,000 men, commanded by General Sir Robert Low, from Peshawur, will instantly set forth on the arduous march to Chitral.

## PARLIAMENT.

The chief business of the week in the House of Commons has been the debate on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, the second reading of which was moved by Mr. Asquith. The main argument of the Home Secretary was that the Church in Wales had ceased to be the Church of the Welsh people, and had become an appanage of the Establishment in England. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach strongly controverted this view, contending that the Establishment in Wales was essential to the maintenance of religion. Sir Edward Clarke, enforcing the same theory, stigmatised the disestablishment of the Irish Church as "a national sin" which had brought upon us all the subsequent troubles in Ireland. The Solicitor-General and several of the Welsh members



RETURN OF THE ANCHOR SHIELD, ON MARCH 23, BY THE WINNER, MR. A. E. WALTERS, OF THE POLYTECHNIC CYCLING CLUB.

See "Our Illustrations."

her niece of Schleswig-Holstein. The Queen was visited next day by the Grand Duchess Nicholas of Russia. Lord Dufferin, her Ambassador in France, Mr. Harris, British Consul at Nice, and Mrs. Harris dined with her Majesty. Lord Spencer has arrived as Cabinet Minister in attendance on the Queen. The Prince of Wales has repeatedly come over from Cannes to visit her, and his yacht, the *Britannia*, has joined in the Nice Regatta. On March 25 the officers and crew of H.M.S. *Cambrian*, under command of Prince Louis of Battenberg, landed at Nice and were inspected by the Queen.

March 28 being the anniversary of the death of the Duke of Albany at Cannes, the Queen and the royal family attended a commemorative service at the English church built as a memorial of him. It is arranged that her Majesty will, on her way home to England late in April, stay a week at Darmstadt with the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse. She will be three weeks at Windsor in May, and go about the 23rd of that month to Balmoral. On April 3 the Prince of Wales holds a levée for her Majesty at St. James's Palace.

The Empress Frederick of Germany left England on Saturday, March 23. Her last visit, at Ripon, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, was to the Bishop of Ripon and Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter, with whom she viewed the ruins of Fountains Abbey, in the Marquis of Ripon's park, Studley Royal.

The Bristol election resulted on March 21 in the return of Sir W. Wills, the Liberal candidate, who had no

The hostilities that were lately anticipated in the small Mussulman State of Chitral, a part of Dardistan, beyond Gilgit and the Hunza and Nagyr territories, a rugged mountainous region of Central Asia north-west of Kashmir and north-east of the borders of Afghanistan, have begun most disagreeably with a military disaster to the British Indian forces collected there. A chieftain named Umra Khan, the ruler of Bajaur, is the apparent immediate enemy, having approached Chitral with his troops in aid of Sher Afzul, the claimant of the mehtarship, against his nephew, the Amir-ul-Mulk, who was recently invested with that authority, and with whom Dr. Robertson was on friendly terms as British Resident.

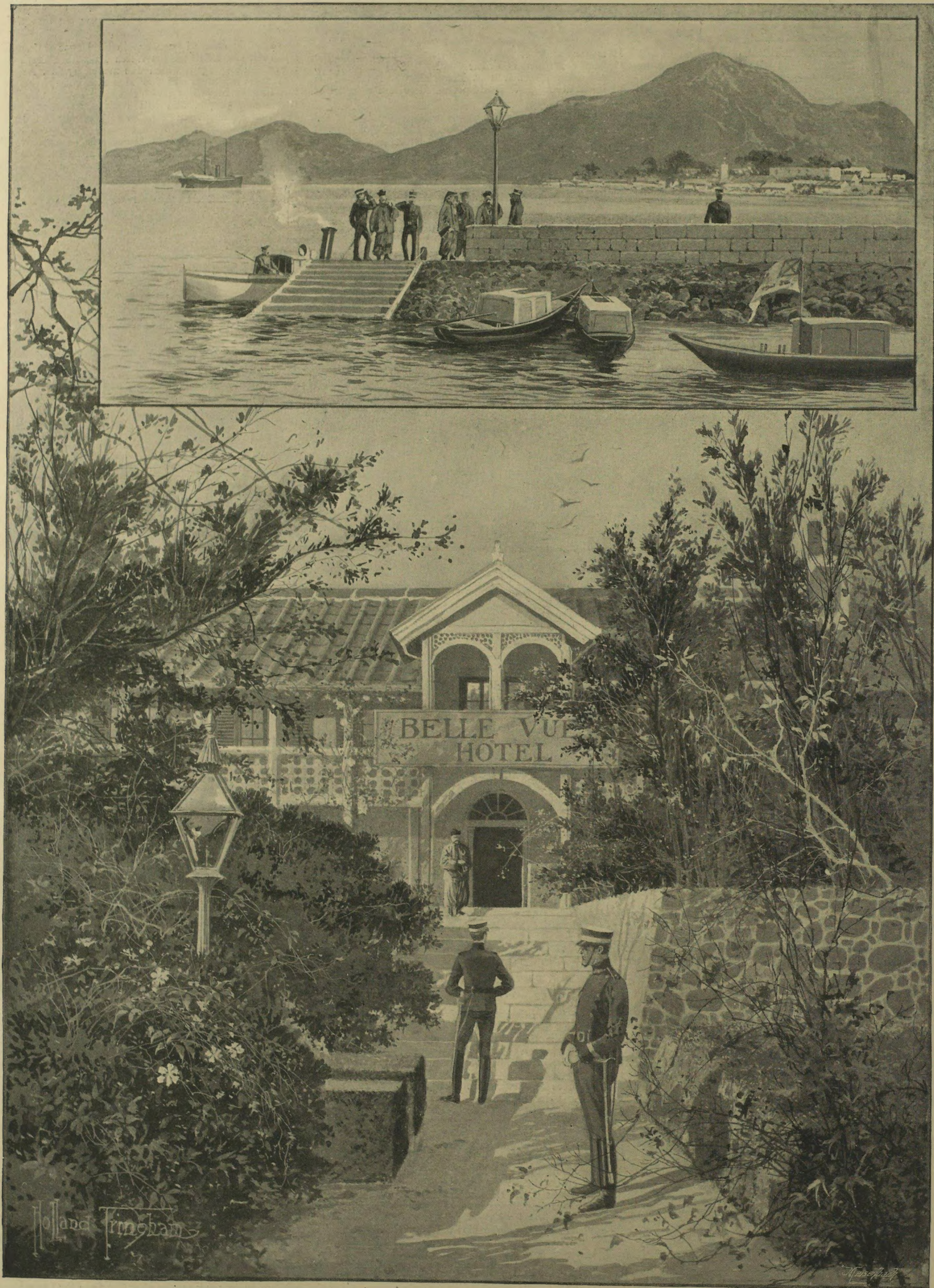
It seems now that on March 8 and in the subsequent days several detachments of the 14th Sikh Regiment, under Captain C. R. Ross, with Lieutenant Jones, some Bengal Sappers and Miners, under Lieutenant Fowler, R.E., and Kashmir levies, with some from the Punjab, under Lieutenant Moberley, were moving, upon Dr. Robertson's requisition, to occupy the forts of Boni and Reshun, on the river below Mastuj, and on the road to the Chitral territory. Captain Ross and Lieutenant Jones, with not much more than sixty fighting men, were advancing to Reshun, where Lieutenant Edwards was posted, when they were attacked by a thousand of the enemy from behind stone breastworks and on the cliffs above their path. They fought during two days, endeavouring on the second day to get back to Boni, constantly assailed with rifles or musketry and with stones hurled down from the

defended the Bill, though the latter expressed some dissatisfaction with its provisions. To Mr. Asquith's point about the hostility of the Welsh people to the Establishment, the Conservatives replied that the Church was rapidly regaining her lost ground, and that the Government proposed to punish her for a neglect which belonged to a remote past. Rather inopportunely, Mr. William Allen moved a resolution in favour of payment of members. This drew from Sir William Harcourt the familiar expression of benevolent goodwill unaccompanied by any definite pledge as to the time when the Government would take this matter in hand. The Chancellor of the Exchequer remarked incidentally that he had not the money for an enterprise which has evidently no place in the immediate calculations of the Cabinet. Mr. Allen's resolution was carried by a majority of eighteen, which seemed to show some weakening of Radical faith. In the House of Lords two Bills on the same subject, one proposed by the Lord Chancellor, and the other by Lord Halsbury, were read a second time. They deal with the evidence in criminal cases for the purpose of enabling prisoners to give testimony in their own behalf. This is a much needed reform, which has been before the public for a long period without getting any serious attention from the Legislature. Lord Hobhouse's Sunday Bill was postponed, pending the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the Act of 1781, under which meetings to hear lectures on Sunday have been indicted as if they were held in "a disorderly house."



THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

LANDING AT NAGASAKI OF THE CHINESE PEACE EMBASSY.



WHERE THE UNSUCCESSFUL CHINESE EMBASSY RESIDED AT NAGASAKI.

From Sketches by Mr. Lionel C. Barr, Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Co.





# EVE'S RANSOM

BY GEORGE GISSING



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

XXV.

She gave no sign of surprise. Hilliard read in her face that she had prepared herself for this encounter.

"Come away where we can talk," he said abruptly.

She walked by him to a part of the station where only a porter passed occasionally. The echoes beneath the vaulted roof allowed them to speak without constraint, for their voices were inaudible a yard or two off. Hilliard would not look into her face, lest he should be softened to foolish clemency.

"It's very kind of you," he began, with no clear purpose save the desire of harsh speech, "to ask me to overlook this trifle, and let things be as before."

"I have said all I can say in the letter. I deserve all your anger."

That was the note he dreaded, the too well remembered note of pathetic submission. It reminded him with intolerable force that he had never held her by any bond save that of her gratitude.

"Do you really imagine," he exclaimed, "that I could go on with make-believe—that I could bring myself to put faith in you again for a moment?"

"I don't ask you to," Eve replied, in firmer accents. "I have lost what little respect you could ever feel for me. I might have repaid you with honesty—I didn't do even that. Say the worst you can of me, and I shall think still worse of myself."

The voice overcame him with a conviction of her sincerity, and he gazed at her, marvelling.

"Are you honest now? Anyone would think so; yet how am I to believe it?"

Eve met his eyes steadily.

"I will never again say one word to you that isn't pure truth. I am at your mercy, and you may punish me as you like."

"There's only one way in which I can punish you. For the loss of my respect, or of my love, you care nothing. If I bring myself to tell Narramore disagreeable things about you, you will suffer a disappointment, and that's all. The cost to me will be much greater, and you know it. You pity yourself. You regard me as holding you ungenerously by an advantage you once gave me. It isn't so at all. It is I who have been held by bonds I couldn't break, and from the day when you pretended a love you never felt, all the blame lay with you."

"What could I do?"

"Be truthful—that was all."

"You were not content with the truth. You forced me to think that I could love you. Only remember what passed between us."

"Honesty was still possible, when you came to know yourself better. You should have said to me in so many words: 'I can't look forward to our future with any courage; if I marry it must be a man who has more to offer.' Do you think I couldn't have endured to hear that? You have never understood me. I should have said: 'Then let us shake hands, and I am your friend to help you all I can.'"

"You say that now—"

"I should have said it at any time."

"But I am not so mean as you think me. If I loved a man I could face poverty with him, much as I hate and dread it. It was because I only liked you, and could not feel more—"

"Your love happens to fall upon a man who has solid possessions."

"It's easy to speak so scornfully. I have not pretended to love the man you mean."

"Yet you have brought him to think that you are willing to marry him."

"Without any word of love from me. If I had been free I would have married him—just because I am sick of the life I lead, and long for the kind of life he offered me."

"When it's too late you are frank enough."

"Despise me as much as you like. You want the truth, and you shall hear nothing else from me."

"Well, we get near to understanding each other. But it astonishes me that you spoilt your excellent chance. How could you hope to carry through this—?"

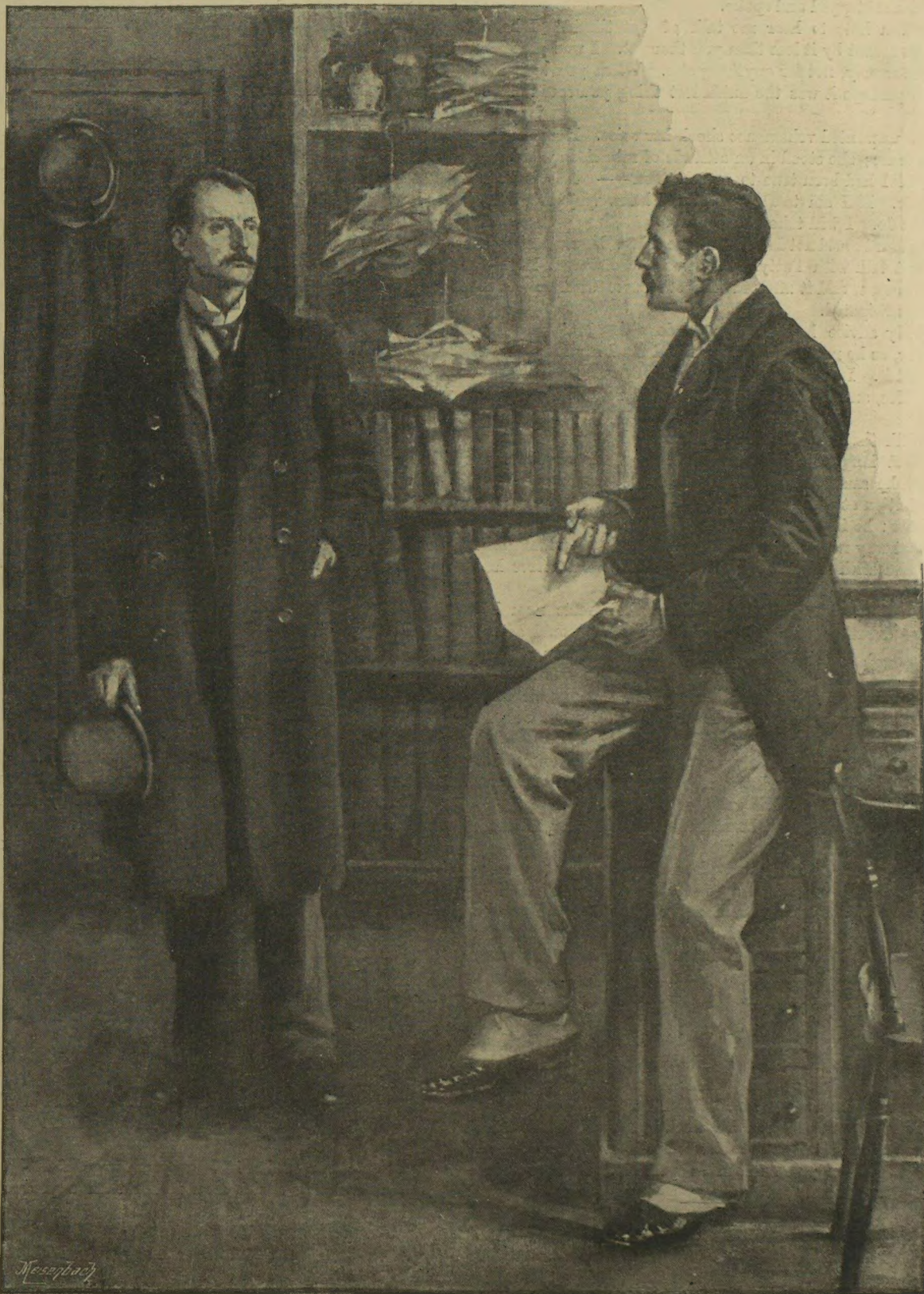
Eve broke in impatiently.

"I told you in the letter that I had no hope of it. It's

your mistake to think me a crafty, plotting, selfish woman. I'm only a very miserable one—it went on from this to that, and I meant nothing. I didn't scheme; I was only tempted into foolishness. I felt myself getting into difficulties that would be my ruin, but I hadn't strength to draw back."

"You do yourself injustice," said Hilliard, coldly. "For the past month you have acted a part before me, and acted it well. You seemed to be reconciling yourself to my prospects, indifferent as they were. You encouraged me—talked with unusual cheerfulness—showed a bright face. If this wasn't deliberate acting what did it mean?"

"Yes, it was put on," Eve admitted, after a pause.



"This is from Miss Madeley, and it's all about you."



"But I couldn't help that. I was obliged to keep seeing you, and if I had looked as miserable as I felt—" She broke off. "I tried to behave just like a friend. You can't charge me with pretending—anything else. I *could* be your friend: that was honest feeling."

"It's no use to me. I must have more, or nothing."

The flood of passion surged in him again. Some trick of her voice, or some indescribable movement of her head—the trifles which are all-powerful over a man in love—beat down his contending reason.

"You say," he continued, "that you will make amends for your unfair dealing. If you mean it, take the only course that shows itself. Confess to Narramore what you have done; you owe it to him as much as to me."

"I can't do that," said Eve, drawing away. "It's for you to tell him—if you like."

"No. I had my opportunity, and let it pass. I don't mean that you are to inform him of all there has been between us: that's needless. We have agreed to forget everything that suggests the word I hate. But that you and I have been lovers and looked—I, at all events—to be something more, this you must let him know."

"I can never do that."

"Without it, how are you to disentangle yourself?"

"I promise you he shall see no more of me."

"Such a promise is idle, and you know it. Remember, too, that Narramore and I are friends. He will speak to me of you, and I can't play a farce with him. It would be intolerable discomfort to me, and grossly unfair to him. Do, for once, the simple, honourable thing, and make a new beginning. After that, be guided by your own interests. Assuredly I shall not stand in your way."

Eve had turned her eyes in the direction of crowd and bustle. When she faced Hilliard again, he saw that she had come to a resolve.

"There's only one way out of it for me," she said impulsively. "I can't talk any longer. I'll write to you."

She moved from him; Hilliard followed. At a distance of half-a-dozen yards, just as he was about to address her again, she stopped and spoke.

"You hate to hear me talk of 'gratitude.' I have always meant by it less than you thought. I was grateful for the money, not for anything else. When you took me away, perhaps it was the unkindest thing you could have done."

An unwonted vehemence shook her voice. Her muscles were tense; she stood in an attitude of rebellious pride.

"If I had been true to myself then—but it isn't too late. If I am to act honestly, I know very well what I must do. I will take your advice."

Hilliard could not doubt of her meaning. He remembered his last talk with Patty. This was a declaration he had not foreseen, and it affected him otherwise than he could have anticipated.

"My advice had nothing to do with *that*," was his answer, as he read her face. "But I shall say not a word against it. I could respect you, at all events."

"Yes, and I had rather have your respect than your love."

With that, she left him. He wished to pursue, but a physical languor held him motionless. And when at length he sauntered from the place, it was with a sense of satisfaction at what had happened. Let her carry out that purpose: he faced it, preferred it. Let her be lost to him in that way rather than any other. It cut the knot, and left him with a memory of Eve that would efface her dishonouring weakness.

Late at night, he walked about the streets near his home, debating within himself whether she would act as she spoke, or had only sought to frighten him with a threat. And still he hoped that her resolve was sincere. He could bear that conclusion of their story better than any other—unless it were her death. Better a thousand times than her marriage with Narramore!

In the morning, fatigue gave voice to conscience. He had bidden her go, when, perchance, a word would have checked her. Should he write, or even go to her straightway, and retract what he had said? His will prevailed, and he did nothing.

The night that followed plagued him with other misgivings. It seemed more probable now that she had threatened what she would never have the courage to perform. She meant it at the moment—it declared a truth; but an hour after she would listen to commonplace morality or prudence. Narramore would write to her; she might, perhaps, see him again. She would cling to the baser hope.

Might but the morrow bring him a letter from London! It brought nothing; and day after day disappointed him. More than a week passed: he was ill with suspense, but could take no step for setting his mind at rest. Then, as he sat one morning at his work in the architect's office, there arrived a telegram addressed to him.

"Must see you as soon as possible. Be here before six.—Narramore."

#### XXVI.

"What does this mean, Hilliard?"

If never before, the indolent man was now thoroughly aroused. He had an open letter in his hand. Hilliard, standing before him in a little office that smelt of ledgers and gum, and many other commercial things, knew that

the letter must be from Eve, and bitterly hoped that it was dated London.

"This is from Miss Madeley, and it's all about *you*."

Why couldn't you speak the other day?"

"What does she say about me?"

"That she has known you for a long time; that you saw a great deal of each other in London; that she has led you on with a hope of marrying her, though she never really meant it; in short, that she has used you very ill, and feels obliged now to make a clean breast of it."

The listener fixed his eye upon a copying-press, but without seeing it. A grim smile began to contort his lips.

"Where does she write from?"

"From her ordinary address—why not? I think this is rather too bad of you. Why didn't you speak, instead of writhing about and sputtering? That kind of thing is all very well—sense of honour and all that—but it meant that I was being taken in. Between friends—hang it! Of course I have done with her. I shall write at once. It's amazing; it took away my breath. No doubt, though she doesn't say it, it was from you that she came to know of me. She began with a lie. And who could have thought it! Her face—her way of talking! This will cut me up awfully. Of course, I'm sorry for you, too, but it was your plain duty to let me know what sort of a woman I had got hold of. Nay, it's she that has got hold of *me*, confound her! I don't feel myself! I'm thoroughly knocked over!"

Hilliard began humming an air. He crossed the room and sat down, asking:

"Have you seen her since that Saturday?"

"No; she has made excuses, and I guessed something was wrong. What has been going on? You have seen her?"

"Of course."

Narramore glared.

"It's underhand behaviour! Look here, old fellow, we're not going to quarrel. No woman is worth a quarrel between two old friends. But just speak out—can't you? What did you mean by keeping it from me?"

"It meant that I had nothing to say," Hilliard replied, through his moustache.

"You kept silence out of spite, then? You said to yourself, 'Let him marry her and find out afterwards what she really is!'"

"Nothing of the kind," Hilliard looked up frankly. "I saw no reason for speaking. She accuses herself without a shadow of reason; it's mere hysterical conscientiousness. We have known each other for half a year or so, and I have made love to her, but I never had the least encouragement. I knew all along she didn't care for me. How is she to blame? A girl is under no obligation to speak of all the men who have wanted to marry her, provided she has done nothing to be ashamed of. There's just one bit of insincerity. It's true she knew of you from me. But she looked you up because she despaired of finding employment; she was at an end of her money, and didn't know what to do. I have heard this since I saw you last. It wasn't quite straightforward, but one can forgive it in a girl hard driven by necessity."

Narramore was listening with eagerness, his lips parted, and a growing hope in his eyes.

"There never was anything serious between you?"

"On her side, never for a moment. I pursued and pestered her, that was all."

"Do you mind telling me who the girl was that I saw you with at Dudley?"

"A friend of Miss Madeley's, over here from London on a holiday. I have tried to make use of her—to get her influence on my side—"

Narramore sprang from the corner of the table on which he had been sitting.

"Why couldn't Eve hold her tongue! That's just like a woman, to keep a thing quiet when she ought to speak of it, and bring it out when she had far better say nothing. I feel as if I had treated you badly, Hilliard. And the way you take it—I'd rather you eased your mind by swearing at me."

"I could swear hard enough. I could grip you by the throat and jump on you—"

"No, I'm hanged if you could!" Narramore forced a laugh. "And I shouldn't advise you to try. Here, give me your hand instead." He seized it. "We're going to talk this over like two reasonable beings. Does this girl know her own mind? It seems to me from this letter that she wants to get rid of me."

"You must find out whether she does or not."

"Do you *think* she does?"

"I refuse to think about it at all."

"You mean she isn't worth troubling about? Tell the truth, and be hanged to you! Is she the kind of girl a man may marry?"

"For all I know."

"Do you suspect her?" Narramore urged fiercely.

"She'll marry a rich man rather than a poor one—that's the worst I think of her."

"What woman won't?"

When question and answer had revolved about this point for another quarter of an hour, Hilliard brought the dialogue to an end. He was clay-colour, and perspiration stood on his forehead.

"You must make her out without any more help from

me. I tell you the letter is all nonsense, and I can say no more."

He moved towards the exit.

"One thing I must know, Hilliard—are you going to see her again?"

"Never—if I can help it."

"Can we be friends still?"

"If you never mention her name to me."

Again they shook hands, eyes crossing in a smile of shamed hostility.

The parting was for more than a twelvemonth.

Late in August, when Hilliard was thinking of a week's rest in the country, after a spell of harder and more successful work than he had ever known, he received a letter from Patty Ringrose.

"Dear Mr. Hilliard," wrote the girl, "I have just heard from Eve that she is to be married to Mr. Narramore in a week's time. She says you don't know about it; but I think you *ought* to know. I haven't been able to make anything of her two last letters, but she has written plainly at last. Perhaps she means me to tell you. Will you let me have a line? I should like to know whether you care much, and I do so hope you don't! I felt sure it would come to this, and if you'll believe me, it's just as well. I haven't answered her letter, and I don't know whether I shall. I might say disagreeable things. Everything is the same with me, and always will be, I suppose." In conclusion, she was his sincerely. A postscript remarked: "They tell me I play better. I've been practising a great deal, just to kill the time."

"Dear Miss Ringrose," he responded, "I am very glad to know that Eve is to be comfortably settled for life. By all means answer her letter, and by all means keep from saying disagreeable things. It is never wise to quarrel with prosperous friends, and why should you? With every good wish—" he remained sincerely hers.

#### XXVII.

When Hilliard and his friend again shook hands it was the autumn of another year. Not even by chance had they encountered in the interval and no written message had passed between them. Their meeting was at a house recently built by the younger of the Birching brothers, who, being about to marry, summoned his bachelor familiars to smoke their pipes in the suburban abode while yet his rule there was undisputed. With Narramore, Birching had of late resumed the friendship interrupted by his sister's displeasure, for that somewhat imperious young lady, now the wife of an elderly ironmaster, moved in other circles; and Hilliard's professional value, which was beginning to be recognised by the Birchings otherwise than in the way of compliment, had overcome the restraints at first imposed by his dubious social standing.

They met genially, without a hint of estrangement.

"Your wife well?" Hilliard took an opportunity of asking apart.

"Thanks, she's getting all right again. At Llandudno just now. Glad to see that you're looking so uncommonly fit."

Hilliard had undoubtedly improved in personal appearance. He grew a beard, which added to his seeming age, but suited with his features; his carriage was more upright than of old.

A week or two after this, Narramore sent a friendly note:

"Shall I see you at Birching's on Sunday? My wife will be there, to meet Miss Marks and some other people. Come if you can, old fellow. I should take it as a great kindness."

And Hilliard went. In the hall he was confronted by Narramore, who shook hands with him rather effusively, and said a few words in an undertone.

"She's out in the garden. Will be delighted to see you. Awfully good of you, old boy! Had to happen sooner or later, you know."

Not quite assured of this necessity, and something less than composed, Hilliard presently passed through the house into the large walled garden behind it. Here he was confusedly aware of a group of ladies, not one of whom, on drawing nearer, did he recognise. A succession of formalities discharged, he heard his friend's voice saying:

"Hilliard, let me introduce you to my wife."

There before him stood Eve. He had only just persuaded himself of her identity; his eyes searched her countenance with wonder which barely allowed him to assume a becoming attitude. But Mrs. Narramore was perfect in society's drill. She smiled very sweetly, gave her hand, said what the occasion demanded. Among the women present—all well bred—she suffered no obscurement. Her voice was tuned to the appropriate harmony; her manner graced the approved subjects.

Hilliard mentally reviewed his memories of Gower Place—of the streets of Paris. Nothing preternatural had come about; nothing that he had not forecasted in his hours of hope. But there were incidents in the past which this moment blurred away into the region of dreamland, and which he shrank from the effort of reinvesting with credibility.

"It's a pleasant garden."

Eve had approached him as he stood musing after a conversation with other ladies.

"Rather new, of course; but a year will do wonders. Have you seen the chrysanthemums?"



She led him apart, and as they stood regarding the flowers, Hilliard was surprised by words that fell from her.

"Your contempt for me is beyond expression, isn't it?"

"It is the last feeling I should associate with you," he answered.

"Oh, but be sincere. We have both learnt to speak another language—you no less than I. Let me hear a word such as you used to speak. I know you despise me unutterably."

"You are quite mistaken. I admire you very much."

"What—my skill? Or my dress?"

"Everything. You have become precisely what you were meant to be."

"Oh, the scorn of that!"

"I beg you not to think it for a moment. There was a time when I might have found a foolish pleasure in speaking to you with sarcasm. But that has long gone by."

"What am I, then?"

"An English lady—with rather more intellect than most."

Eve flushed with satisfaction.

"It's more than kind of you to say that. But you always had a generous spirit—I never thanked you. Not one poor word. I was cowardly—afraid to write. And you didn't care for my thanks."

"I do now."

"Then I thank you. With all my heart, again and again!"

Her voice trembled under fullness of meaning.

"You find life pleasant?" inquired Hilliard.

"You do, I hope?" she answered, as they paced on.

"Not unpleasant, at all events. I am no longer slaving under the iron gods. I like my work, and it promises to reward me."

Eve made a remark about a flower-bed. Then her voice subdued itself again, saying gently:

"How do you look back on your great venture—your attempt to make the most that could be made of a year in your life?"

"Quite contentedly. It was worth doing, and is worth remembering."

"Remember, if you care to," Eve resumed, "that all I am and have I owe to you. I was all but lost—all but a miserable captive for the rest of my life. You came and ransomed me. A less generous man would have spoilt his work at the last moment. But you were large-minded enough to support my weakness till I was safe."

Hilliard smiled for answer.

"You and Robert are friends again?"

"Perfectly."

Eve turned, and they rejoined the company.

A week later Hilliard went down into the country, to a quiet spot where he now and then refreshed his mind after toil in Birmingham. He slept at a cottage, and on the Sunday morning walked idly about the lanes.

A white frost had suddenly hastened the slow decay of mellow autumn. Low on the landscape lay a soft mist, dense enough to conceal everything at twenty yards away, but suffused with golden sunlight; overhead shone the clear blue sky. Roadside trees and hedges, their rich tints softened by the medium through which they were discerned, threw shadows of exquisite faintness. A perfect quiet possessed the air, but from every branch, as though shaken by some invisible hand, dead foliage dropped to earth in a continuous shower; softly pattering from beech or maple, or with the heavier fall of ash-leaves, while at long intervals sounded the thud of apples tumbling from a crab-tree. Thick-clustered berries arrayed the hawthorns, the briar was rich in scarlet fruit. Everywhere the frost had been at work with subtle artistry. Each leaf upon the hedge shone silver-outlined; spiders' webs, woven from stem to stem, glistened in the morning radiance; the grasses by the wayside stood stark in gleaming mail.

And Maurice Hilliard, a free man in his own conceit, sang to himself a song of the joy of life.

THE END.

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## THE WRONGS OF AUTHORS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Authors, when hurt, can and do cry out. "Did I cry loud, Wackford, or did I cry low?" Mr. Squeers asked, in a rhetorical figure. I always like to read the *Author*, where much of the crying is done, and to sympathise with the sorrows of my species, making them as widely known as I can to a regardless world.

First, there is the Canadian affair. As far as I understand it, the Canadians, by way of finding work for their printers, want to print our new books, and to promise to pay us ten per cent. This offer we regard as a mere elegant figure of speech. But as nobody dreams that Canadians (a healthy, natural, outdoor people) are going to read our new books, the toil of the Canadian printers seems likely to be unremunerative. However, by seizing our books, and selling them at a very low rate to the United States, Canada may do a roaring trade, till the States abolish the law of copyright with us. That halcyon period of Canadian enterprise will not last long, I fear, if



"Your contempt for me is beyond expression, isn't it?"

it only lasts till America hoists the Jolly Roger again on due provocation received.

We are asked to sign petitions against the Canadian scheme. My valued autograph shall not adorn the petition, for the following reasons—

1. Political people do not care a doit for the wrongs or remonstrances of authors.

2. I am not anxious to see Canada revolt and pitch a cargo of English novels into Montreal Harbour (if it has a harbour).

3. The Canadians certainly will not interfere with my literary property, nor would they find an American market for the wares if they did. The citizens have no use for them.

Next we have the sorrows of Mr. Stuart Glennie. These seem not to appeal to the sympathies of his brother-authors. A kind of proposal "to back him in the battle" was left in a forlorn minority of One. Next, "Nada the Lily" is at war with the American Waverley Publishing Company, which appears to have regarded the history of Umslopogaas as one of the Waverley novels, and treated it as such by producing it at a cheap rate. The compliment was considerable, but it has led to law-suits, demurrers, and other practical inconveniences. On these it is, of course, impossible to offer any comment, *pendente lite*.

American authors, one learns from the American Correspondent, have also their woes. These are more sentimental.

We do not pirate them, but we do not publish them. We leave them alone. Series are in fashion, and America started a Great Commander Series, opening with Captain Mahan's "Life of the Great Confederate Admiral Farragut." It is the *Times* (I learn) which calls Admiral Farragut a "Confederate." Certainly he is usually thought to have drawn his sword on the other side. He was not a comrade of Captain Semmes of the *Alabama*. But this is not the worst of it. We have not accepted and published the lives of Thomas, Green, and Hancock, nor even of Washington and Lee, who are much better known here than the other men of the sword. If we are to have Great Commanders, surely Hannibal, Pyrrhus, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Epaminondas, Frederick the Great, Cromwell, Napoleon, Ney, Wellington, Wallace, Edward I., Condé, the Maréchal de Belle Isle, Loudon, Browne, and many others have, as it were, the first claim on our attention: not Hancock. Turning to men of letters, we have not published Mr. Horace Scudder's biography of Noah Webster, or Mr. Frothingham's study of George Ribley, or Mr. Beer's on N. P. Willis, or Mr. Trent on W. G. Simms. Well, I am not very much surprised at these oversights.

In the English series of "Men of Letters" there are no equivalents for Messrs. Simms, Ribley, or N. P. Willis. Perhaps no one will maintain that these authors are on the level of Goldsmith, Keats, Byron, Sterne, Fielding, Scott, and the rest. The name of Ribley, the name of Simms, do not, in this country, awaken the same kind of interest as the names of Charles Lamb or Coleridge or Robert Burns. This may be the result of mere insular ignorance: still, the masterpieces of Simms and Ribley do fail to touch a sympathetic chord. Only Cooper and Emerson seem to be wanted here, though surely the life of Washington Irving must be full of interest. As to Edgar Poe, we have plenty of accounts of Edgar Poe, and perhaps we are lax enough to prefer them to be not unfriendly. But there is no certainty. Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Life of Pope" is not laudatory, yet it is very agreeable reading. Pope knew more interesting people than Poe, and lived more in the world than the unhappy author of "The Raven." Another wrong is that somebody publishes some of Professor Nicholas Murray Butler's Great Educators Series (such lots of Great Somebody Series!), yet "no mention whatever is made about Professor Butler's share in the production, or of its American origin." The latter is probably obvious; but surely these things ought not to be thus.

Let me repair, as much as I can, these outrages. Let me suggest to some Professor or other to begin the Great Failures Series. It is a taking idea, and (except the Eminent Washerwomen Series) everything else in the way of a series has been done. Let us have General Boulanger, Sir John Cope, the Duke of Cumberland, General Braddock, Nicias, Chaplain, Blackmore (Sir Richard), but, behold! all Great Failures belong to the Old World. Obviously, such a series has a purely local interest on this side of the ocean stream. This plan is of no value. Finally Mr. Sherrard tells us of griefs that cut close—the sorrows of the author persecuted by volunteered manuscripts. Wordsworth at Rydal had a whole room reserved for them. A little girl staying in the house had to hunt for a lost epic. She could not find it; but she

picked out a good big epic, and sent it to the anxious author, saying that she hoped it would do as well, and adding all her worldly wealth—half-a-crown. Here was more of sympathy than other authors usually got from William Wordsworth.

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## THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AS A SPORTSMAN.



Photo by C. Seitz, Vienna.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

Recently we gave in these pages a portrait of the German Emperor in hunting costume, and mentioned the enthusiasm with which sport is regarded by most of the male members of European royal families. It is with pleasure that we are able to present a very excellent photograph of the Austrian Emperor engaged in his favourite recreation—chamois-hunting. Francis Joseph I., Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, has always been fond of outdoor sports, and his hardy frame can still, at the age of sixty-four, endure a long day's hunting which would tire much younger men. He shares with the Empress a great love for horses, although he is not as graceful on horseback as his consort, who has spent so many months hunting in our Midlands and in Ireland, where her courage and delight in sport won for her great admiration from followers of the chase. The Empress, by the way, had until recent years wonderful strength, which her slender form belied. When she rode to hounds in Northamptonshire she took during the day the simplest and smallest diet possible, the suite making up for deficiency in this respect by appetites which used to require much more than the Empress's glass of milk to satisfy. The Emperor is tall and handsome, his eyes being particularly lustrous and striking. At Solferino he showed a bravery which many times placed his life in danger. The heavy official work which falls with special weight on the monarch of an empire such as he rules is done by the Emperor with painstaking care. With the aid of Count Beust, he laboured for years in schemes for the benefit of the nation, earning a gratitude from his people which is expressed by great enthusiasm whenever he appears in public. It must be remembered that Francis Joseph I. has had to be more than a mere ruler—he has had to be a politician, holding strong views and enforcing them often against the wishes of the leading men in his kingdom. In his long reign of forty-five years Austria-Hungary has passed through many a crisis, in which the dominant will of its Emperor has made itself felt with great effect. But once State affairs can be temporarily laid aside, how gladly does the Emperor hie him to the country, and pursue the unrestrained life of a sportsman! He loves nature, and to him the "impulse of a vernal wood" is far more delightful than a State ceremonial in Vienna or the excitement of a political crisis. Salzburg, as depicted in our Illustration, is a favourite resort with the Emperor when hunting the nimble chamois, and here for weeks he will occupy a modest shooting-lodge, chatting affably to the peasants, and taking what sport comes in his way with quiet good-nature. It was at Salzburg that the Convention of Gastein, transferring the government of Schleswig to Prussia, was confirmed by the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia. The district abounds in mountain forests and little villages, where the Emperor's appearance excites slight attention. He recently varied his holiday by a visit to the South of France, where the Empress was staying at Cap Martin. She is a daughter of the Duke Maximilian Joseph, and was married to the Emperor in 1854. Of late years she has taken but little part in the social functions of the Court.



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S FAMOUS SHOOTING QUARTERS: CHAMOIS LODGE, IN THE SALZBURG ALPS.



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## THE FAR EAST.

*The Peoples and Politics of the Far East.* By Henry Norman, author of "The Real Japan." (London: Fisher Unwin.) Opportune books are in many cases nothing but a sort of journalism writ large. Presented in all the majesty of book-form, they are, nevertheless, as sketchy and flimsy as journalism in a hurry. Mr. Norman's "Peoples and Politics of the Far East" is a most opportune



COREANS.

From "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East." (London: Fisher Unwin.)

book, and it has no such fault. It was nearly four years in the making—four years spent in travel, observation, and inquiry, in rumination thereupon, and then in delivery to paper and print. And being well qualified for the undertaking, Mr. Norman brings out a great budget of descriptive and informing matter, just when it is wanted most, about the British Empire in the Far East; Russia in the Far East; France in the Far East; Spain and Portugal in the same regions; with good new chapters on China, Corea, Siam, Japan, and the Malay Peninsula, of which Mr. Norman saw more than any traveller that had gone before him. Over all this vast space of land and sea great changes are going on at an increasingly rapid rate—changes which are likely to set the history of the world upon an entirely new course before the close of the century. That is not too much to say, though there is some danger in saying it; for even now the consequences of the Japanese war against China have yet to appear in their full magnitude. In all likelihood, however, we have not long to wait for illumination. The peace negotiations, and the conditions which will certainly be interposed by the more powerful Western nations for their own security or advancement, will bring out the fact that the rise of Japan and the conquest of China are among the most fateful events of the last thousand years.

At this moment, therefore, it is of the highest interest and importance to understand the position of the various Powers in those distant seas, their relations to each other, their particular aims and ambitions, their prospects of loss or gain from the shock that will not destroy but more probably renew the Chinese Empire, and, lastly, the effect which the rise of a strong, capable, daring, and profoundly ambitious Power in the Far East must have upon the whole political system of Europe. The value of Mr. Norman's book is that it thoroughly accomplishes his main design of enlightening all concerned on these most important matters, which are by no means mere material for the gossip of political quidnuncs. Every one of the questions recited above is at bottom commercial, and all commercial questions affect equally, and at the

same moment, the merchant's banking-account and the workman's cupboard. For generations past, British trade has known of nothing so momentous as the appearance in those Eastern waters of a great industrial nation with plenty of capital, plenty of cheap efficient labour, excellent taste and invention, a commanding geographical position, and the prestige of a conquering naval power. What opportunities British trade may gain, on the other hand, by the opening up of China (and not of China alone) is yet to be ascertained; and here again Mr. Norman is at hand with well-digested information and wise suggestion.

From all this, however, it must not be supposed that "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East" is a volume of political essays with a commercial turn. It must be admitted that were this its whole scope, the book could hardly be more useful to the politician and the man of commerce; but while Mr. Norman has a great deal to say about the Politics of the Far East, he handsomely fulfils the promise of his title-page in treating of its peoples. The Far East includes many tribes and nations; and his travels and studies among the greater number of them filled his note-books with a most attractive kind of literature of which (like elephant-shooting) there is a fast-diminishing supply: the literature of Manners and Customs. It is evident that these note-books were not nearly exhausted in writing out the finely illustrated volume which Mr. Unwin has the benefit of publishing; but enough has been taken from them to make a great bulk of curious and entertaining reading. Sharply observant, Mr. Norman describes as he sees—clearly, vividly, comprehensively; but also, perhaps, rather too photographically. The saliences of what his eyes rest upon come out too strongly in his picture of it sometimes, to the neglect of atmosphere and the softer interspaces; and if another shortcoming from perfection may be hinted at, it is that Mr. Norman is less patient with what offends him than the ideal recorder of manners and customs should be. Such as they are, these imperfections are most noticeable in his account of the Chinese at home. No doubt they are a horribly foul, corrupt, and cruel people, especially



THE LATE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM AND SOME OF HIS BROTHERS.

From "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East." (London: Fisher Unwin.)

in the festering old cities; but if there were a good man among them, he might, perhaps, beg of Mr. Norman, on behalf of his fellow-countrymen, a little of the more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger spirit which softens his condemnation of the four-days' massacre at Port Arthur. We should beware of making favourites of our facts, the good Chinaman might say; and he would certainly be right if he did. However, we do not mean to suggest for a moment that there is the least unfairness in Mr. Norman's views and opinions. The fault is with the Chinaman, whose extremely protuberant vices strike into the camera of Mr. Norman's mind with a force which they are to be blamed for, not he. Elsewhere, as when he wanders in Siam, in Corea, in Malaya, his book is as rich in observation, description, and adventure as any story of travel that has been published for years past.

And it all runs to one tune, or rather to one accompaniment, which seems never to be long out of the mind of any Briton who goes forth to view and compare our empire abroad. No matter what sort of Briton he may be—a sour Briton, a grudging or a cynical Briton, any Briton—he is overcome at last by the breadth, the beneficence, the solidity and splendour of British rule all the world over. This is what Mr. Norman finds wherever he goes—in its presence, or by contrast in its absence. What he tells us of Singapore, for example, strikingly illustrates the first case, and what he reveals of the state of things in Tonking as strongly illustrates the other. And the whole book is pervaded by two anxieties. One, a feeling of doubt whether Englishmen at home have even a remote conception of what their empire is—how vast measured by the common standards of greatness, how great in the justice it secures and the peace and freedom it affords to scores of millions of men who would lose everything that makes life worth living were her flag to fall. The other anxiety is lest we should fail to seize the opportunities which are now opening up in the Far East for extending this beneficent dominion—not only because it is beneficent, of course, but to serve ourselves and the general good at the same time. "The future, if we grasp it now, will utterly dwarf the past. The rest of the world is parcelled out like an allotment ground." "In Asia," said Prince Henri of Orleans, "will be founded and increase great empires, and whosoever makes his voice heard in the Far East will be able to speak in dominating accents to Europe. Be Asiatic: there lies the future." Says Mr. Norman, speaking out of his four years of travel and observation, "I am profoundly convinced that this is true," and his interesting and valuable book will impart that conviction to most of its readers. May they be many!—FREDERICK GREENWOOD.



COREANS.

From "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East." (London: Fisher Unwin.)



THE BRITISH LEGATION, PEKIN.

From "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East." (London: Fisher Unwin.)

Attention was directed recently in a speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to Cyprus. The Marquis of Salisbury, bound to defend the action of his late chief, who had to do with the acquisition of the island, has now moved for a return of all sums paid since 1879-80 out of the revenues of Cyprus in discharge of the interest on the Turkish loan guaranteed by this country under the statute 18th and 19th Victoria. A return is ordered of all sums voted by Parliament in aid of the administration of Cyprus.

The newspaper controversy as to whether head masters of public schools should be clergymen continues to excite attention. Mr. T. E. Page has carefully collected some striking facts bearing on the subject. In 53 public schools there are 185 assistant masters in orders, and 961 who are not; there are 38 head masters who are clergymen, and 15 who are not. Of the latter number ten schools are for day-pupils and five for boarders. These figures, Mr. Page claims, prove that the scholastic profession is far more lay than clerical, and that appointments are not made on the ground of merit.





FLORA.—BY PALMA VECCHIO.

Lent by Mr. Ludwig Mond.





PORTRAIT OF A MAN.—BY GIOVANNI BELLINI.  
*Lent by Mr. J. P. Carrington.*



PORTRAIT OF A LADY PROFESSOR OF BOLOGNA.—BY GIORGIONE,  
*Lent by Louisa, Lady Ashburton.*



CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.—BY BONIFAZIO.  
*Lent by M. Léon Somzé.*





From Photographs by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.



From Photographs by Messrs. Starns, Cambridge.





ST. CATHERINE.—BY BARTOLOMMEO VENEZIANO.  
*Lent by the Corporation of Glasgow.*



PORTRAIT OF CATERINA CORNARO, QUEEN OF CYPRUS.—BY TITIAN,  
*Lent by Captain G. L. Ho'ford.*



PORTRAIT OF ISABELLA D'ESTE AND HER SON.  
BY GIOVANNI ANTONIO DA PORDENONE.  
*Lent by Mr. Ludwig Mond.*



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.—BY PARIS BORDONE.  
*Lent by the Earl of Rosebery.*





PORTRAIT OF ANDREA GRITTI, DOGE 1523-1539.—BY TITIAN.

*Lent by Captain G. L. Holford.*



PORTRAIT OF A NOBLE.—BY GIOVANNI CARIANI.

*Lent by Mr. George Salting.*



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH SAINTS.—BY BONIFAZIO.

*Lent by Captain G. L. Holford.*



# LITERATURE.

## PERCY FITZGERALD'S MEMOIRS OF HIMSELF.

*Memoirs of an Author.* By Percy Fitzgerald. Two vols. (Bentley).—This is not Mr. Fitzgerald's first contribution to that literature of reminiscence for which, were the demand proportionate to the supply, the appetite of the reading public would seem to be insatiable. More than twenty years ago, in his "Recreations of a Literary Man," he told his readers of his experiences of authorship, with a good deal else that was indirectly connected with it. The opening chapters of his new book call to mind the traditional cleric, who after a lapse of years preached his old sermons over again, a little retouched, in the hope that during the interval his congregation would have forgotten them. Early in his career Mr. Fitzgerald was a contributor to *Household Words* and to *All the Year Round*, which succeeded it. He was naturally grateful to Dickens for his encouragement, and to John Forster, Dickens's friend and biographer, for aiding him to the place which he gained in Dickens's good graces; consequently, the "Recreations of a Literary Man" opened with a good deal of not at all uninteresting gossip about Dickens and Forster, the geniality and kind-heartedness of the former as an editor and a host, with praises of Forster as an author and a man. All this reappears in the first chapters of the "Memoirs of an Author," with additions, consisting chiefly of letters from Dickens and Forster, expressing approval of various of Mr. Fitzgerald's literary performances. However, Dickens is still so popular and Forster is now so little remembered that what Mr. Fitzgerald has re-said of them may be interesting to a new generation. But gratitude to Forster has made Mr. Fitzgerald's sketch of him too highly coloured; and, by-the-way, Mr. Fitzgerald has spoiled Douglas Jerrold's *mot* concerning Forster, whose pomposity somewhat marred the impression produced by his undoubtedly sterling qualities. Jerrold was neither so audacious nor so ill-mannered as to say: "Forster, you are the beadle of creation." What he did say was *of* not *to* Forster: "Sir, he stalks from his door the beadle of creation."

Numerous indeed are the notables of all kinds and degrees with whom Mr. Fitzgerald has come into contact during a busy, it is pleasant to add, a happy, literary career of forty years, and with whose names and achievements of the most divers kinds his pages are thickly strewn. But it cannot be said that he has added much that is really interesting to the general stock of knowledge respecting such men as the two Lyttons, Lord Houghton, Anthony Trollope, Charles Reade and the host of other more or less distinguished people about whom he gossips generally in an amiable way, to which his depreciation of Thackeray personally, in order to exalt Dickens, is one of the rare exceptions. However, those knowing little or nothing of them will doubtless welcome Mr. Fitzgerald's usually slight sketches of the persons who flit through his volumes, and, at least, with whose names most people are familiar. For novelty and freshness none of Mr. Fitzgerald's sketches are equal to that of the eccentric Charles Waterton, of "The Wanderings," who is excellently hit off (with pencil as well as pen) in the account of a visit paid at Walton Hall to the "wizen and gnarled little old man, dry as a quince, usually wearing a blue tail-coat, buttoned across his very short waistcoat, allowing a large strip of the latter to appear below with skimpy trousers generally drawn up above his ankles." Waterton was a zealous Roman Catholic, and one of his fancies was "the preparation of ingeniously compounded monsters of hideous aspect," which he labelled "Good Queen Bess, Henry VIII., etc.," with "slimy looking frogs and toads marked John Calvin, Martin Luther," and so forth, all of them being placed conspicuously in the hall! A word of commendation must also be given to Mr. Fitzgerald's lively and sympathetic notices of dramatists whom he has known and whose careers are more varied and interesting than most of the others as described in his volumes—among them Wills, Louis Wingfield, Frank Marshall, and Sir Charles Young, who died soon after he had at last made a hit with "Jim the Penman." But what was Mr. Fitzgerald thinking of—a dramatist himself and knowing so much about the drama—when he spoke of "The Game of Speculation" as adapted from Balzac's "Mercadet le Faiseur" by "that clever man Frederick Lawrence, author of 'Guy Livingstone,'" instead of by George Henry Lewes under his dramatic *nom de plume* of Slingsby Lawrence?

## THE LAST OF OLD COREA.

*Corea, or Cho-sen.* By A. Henry Savage-Landor. (London: William Heinemann).—In the long ago Corea was one of the most important and flourishing countries in the far East. Many of the Japanese arts which are looked upon nowadays as indigenous to Japan had their origin in Corea—the world-famous Satsuma ware among them. It took the ablest general that Japan has ever produced, with an enormous army, a long time to subdue the country. When Western nations penetrated to the far East, Corea kept itself resolutely closed. Forty years after we had taken Hong Kong, and our influence was predominant round the whole coast of China, Corea was still a sealed book to Europeans. An American and a French military expedition alike failed to penetrate beyond the little island at the mouth of its chief river. Less than twenty years ago the Japanese first of all succeeded in making a commercial treaty with it on modern lines, and their success was followed by most other nations; thus the Hermit was at last forced out of his cell, and a dozen books have been written about him since. Once more the Japanese have taken the lead, driven out the Chinese, and taken Corea under their protection. Therefore the old order of things is doomed, and Mr. Savage-Landor's book is like the photograph of a dying man, or the death-mask taken to preserve the decaying features for posterity. It touches few political questions, and where it touches them it is mostly wrong. But as a series of colloquial sketches with pen and pencil, it is equally instructive and entertaining. There are hundreds of good stories of Corean manners and customs, and dozens of illustrations which represent the people of the country in a far more lifelike manner than has yet been accomplished.

Corea in many ways is—or rather was, for its transmutation under Japanese influence has already begun—one of the most original countries in the world. For instance, when rain is wanted a strange ceremony of exhortation is gone through. A kind of astrologer parades the streets of the capital, seated on a donkey, and collects a crowd to accompany him to a certain spot. Here he stretches out his hands to the sun, whom he reproaches in the most violent language; the people around join in with a fearful howling and beating of drums when the astrologer's rage has reached its height, and the god of rain gets his share of insults. This performance is repeated day after day, until eventually it begins to rain. Less like a custom of fairyland is the method adopted to send Corean babies to sleep—namely, by gently rubbing them on the stomach. This expedient, the author assures us, is successful even in the case of the most troublesome child. One of the most unpleasant features of Corean life is the place occupied in the household by the mother. She is looked upon merely as a piece of furniture by her husband and as no more than a household ornament by her own sons. She may not join in her husband's festivities, nor is she permitted to drink intoxicants, but she may smoke. A strange privilege, however, is accorded to women, who walk about the streets of the town after dark, while the men are confined to the house shortly after sunset, and until lately the practice prevailed of imprisoning or flogging any man found walking in the streets during "women's hours." There is not the least doubt, says Mr. Savage-Landor, that though the majority of Coreans appear depressed and unintelligent, they are, as a matter of fact, far from stupid. Languages seem to come easy to them, and the author instances the case of a youth of nineteen, the son of a noble, who in less than two months mastered enough English to enable him to understand it and converse in it. Besides resembling China in the barbarity of their punishments, the Coreans have for generations shared with the Chinese the evils of official "squeezing." Mr. Savage-Landor says that it is painful to see the careworn, sad expression on everybody's face, the natives lying about idle and pensive, all anxious for a reform in the mode of government, yet all too lazy to attempt to better their position. "What is the use of working and making money," said one of them, "if, when the work is done and the money made it is taken from you by the officials?" And this philosopher added that the officials spent it all in pleasure. But, under the beneficent guidance of Japan, the handsome, gluttonous, married-at-ten Corean will soon be enabled to live happily and retain the results of his toil, though the author of this attractive volume is strangely regretful at the prospect of civilisation descending upon the picturesque and fertile Land of the Morning Calm.

## COSSACK FOLK-LORE.

*Cossack Fairy Tales and Folk Tales.* Selected, edited, and translated by R. Nisbet Bain. Illustrated by E. W. Mitchell. (Lawrence and Bullen).—The popular idea of the Cossacks is that of a marauding, turbulent race, "never at peace unless they are fighting," like a mob at Donnybrook Fair. Restless they are, with their nomad instincts, and splendid watchdogs on the Russian frontier; but one hundred and fifty years ago, Jonas Hanway, the philanthropist merchant-traveller, described them as civilised and sober. And in the judgment of travellers since his time, they are more refined than the average Russian, although, perhaps, that is not saying much. We know not where they came from, nor whence they derive their name, which, according to the particular theory as to the language from which it is borrowed, may mean a sabre, an armed man, a promontory, or a cask! Probably they are a mixed race, but with strong Slavonic characters. The higher plane on which modern investigation has placed them is further warranted by this selection of stories, whose value lies in their having been taken direct from the lips of the people by Ruthenian scholars. This language, despite repressive measures on the part of the Russian Government, is spoken by more than twenty millions of people dwelling over the vast plain stretching between the Carpathians and the Sea of Azov. The folk-lore which it preserves is of great antiquity, possessing elements of surpassing interest for comparison with those in other popular traditions. These, however, the student must seek for himself, the tales, as given by Mr. Nisbet Bain, being free from notes, and only prefaced by a brief introduction pointing out their importance to folk-lore. They are not fairy tales, because there are no fairies in them. These, the "good people," the "little folk," the fays and fées, queens and Sleeping Beauties, are the graceful transformations wrought by the magician storytellers, among whom Perrault is *facile princeps*. Only the material out of which the more winsome conceptions are woven are in these Cossack folk-tales, with their spirits of the wind and the forest, their ogres and she-dragons, enchanted serpents, and, what seems unique in them, magic eggs and other wonder-freighted articles. Among these Mr. Nisbet Bain includes magic handkerchiefs, but in the story of "Little Tsar Novishny" the bullock that bids him draw out a handkerchief from its right ear which straightway becomes a bridge whereby the little Tsar escapes from the serpent, has its correspondences in the Scotch "Black Bull of Norway," where the animal gives food from its "right lug" and drink from its "left lug"; and in the Norse "Katie Woodencloak," where the Princess takes a cloth from the bull's right ear, "and lo! it served up the richest dishes one could wish to have; wine, too, and mead, and sweet cake." Then the heifer that bleaches and spins the flax for the girl belongs not only to the great company of "helpful animals" of folk-lore, but has its metempsychosis in the manikins who spin straw or flax into gold in a widespread group of stories. The "Straw Ox" suggests Uncle Remus's "Tar Baby"; and the "Serpent-Wife" our familiar "Lamia" and "Undine"; altogether, a representative collection of tales which should find a hearty welcome in the nursery and by the ingle-nook. Mr. Mitchell's illustrations are not to our taste, although they are an honest endeavour to interpret the sombre element which enters largely into Slavonic folk-lore. The volume is well printed and attractively bound.

## HERO TALES OF IRELAND.

*Hero Tales of Ireland.* Collected by Jeremiah Curtin. (Macmillan and Co.).—Mr. Curtin is a cosmopolitan folklorist. He has given us an excellent collection of Russian and other Slavonic tales; and the present volume is the second which he has devoted to the folk-lore of Ireland, the love of which has brought him twice across the Atlantic in search of fresh material. And a goodly aftermath is the result. Mr. Curtin has profited by a hint dropped by Dr. Douglas Hyde in "Beside the Fire," to supply the names and addresses of the narrators of the tales, mostly old peasants, one of them, Daniel Sheehy, of Dunquin, in Kerry, being a centenarian. The professional storytellers, who were a feature of old Celtic life—the ollaves, shan-achies, or bards, as they were variously called—are practically extinct; but, happily, there linger in Erin the traditions which an unlettered folk hold in their lightly tasked memories. In an interesting introduction Mr. Curtin suggests comparisons between the Gaelic hero-tales and those of North American tribes. The chief characters in these latter are the great culture-heroes. Each of the four-and-twenty tales which comprise this book is too long and too crowded with incident to permit of even brief abstract. They make delightful, breezy reading; the extravagant wildness which informs many of them suggests comparisons with Oriental variants, and yet side by side with this is that magic charm which only the Celtic fancy can impart. Numbers, especially seven, play their wonted part; giants are slain by brave, or outwitted by crafty, youngsters; huge monsters empty lakes by lashing the waters with their tails; twigs cast into the sea become gallant ships; bridles when shaken become horses all ready harnessed for the fight or chase; balls thrown into the air descend as enchanted castles filled with daring knights and lovely maidens; and so, be we young or old, we are carried from this work-a-day world to the high places where Imagination holds us in thrall, and where dreams, for the nonce, are realities. We hope that the reception given to this book will encourage Mr. Curtin to pursue his work in the collection of fast-perishing traditions.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy sends me from New York two pretty booklets, of each of which only one hundred copies have been printed. The first, entitled "Songs for Cecilia," is a collection of really pretty verse, most of it inspired by his wife. We all knew that Mr. McCarthy had the gift of verse; but the second volume, entitled "First Verses by Cissy Loftus," will come as a surprise to many. Miss Cissy Loftus, otherwise Mrs. Justin Huntly McCarthy, bids fair to become a poet of the Bodley Head, for there is an undeniable gift of rhyme in this first effort, to say nothing of a capacity for epigram. Take the "Poem to a Milkmaid"—

They say the blushing milkmaid's out of date;  
That only painted ladies are in vogue;  
The charms of innocence they roundly rate,  
And him who sings of them they count a rogue.  
But I, who love an out-of-fashion miss,  
A country maid who blushes when I meet her,  
Find in her innocence a world of bliss,  
And heaven in her kisses when I greet her.

The sale of the library of M. Gennadius, which is now being held at Messrs. Sotheby's, and which is to last eleven days, offers many opportunities for the book-collector, and especially if he be interested in Byron. The Byron manuscripts and first editions were gathered together by the ex-Greek Minister with a view to their ultimate appearance in the Public Library of Athens. All this has been changed, and they will now be distributed among English and American collectors; but I notice that M. Gennadius has kept back his two most valuable Byron treasures. These are "The Curse of Minerva" and the famous "Waltz," two thin quarto pamphlets, one of which he purchased for one hundred pounds, and the other for eighty pounds, and of both of which only these copies are known to exist.

One remembers Dr. Johnson's famous observation to the mild Scotchman who reminded him that there were "some magnificent wild prospects" in his country. "Yes," said Johnson, "and there are some magnificent prospects in Lapland, but let me tell you, Sir, that the most magnificent prospect a Scotchman ever sees is the road that leads to England." The Scotchman is avenged, and a citizen of the United States will now be able to assure us that the most magnificent prospect that an Englishman ever sees is a journey across the Atlantic—particularly if he be a publisher or an author. Who that has crossed on an Atlantic steamer but has had for his companions one or other of our distinguished publishers and any number of authors? The prospects afforded by the American Copyright Act compel the most sensitive of them to brave all the terrors of sea-sickness. I hear that Mr. John Lane sails this week for New York, and he is accompanied by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, who contemplates a lecturing tour during the autumn.

Messrs. Macmillan have just published two new collections of Mr. Kipling's stories, uniform with the four volumes which they had previously given us. They are "Wee Willie Winkie, and Other Stories" and "Soldiers Three, and Other Stories." These, it will be remembered, are the tales which first made Mr. Kipling's reputation in this country, when they came to us in Wheeler's Indian Library and revealed a new genius, perhaps the strongest of all our younger men. The collector of first editions has, however, an advantage in the possession of the earlier edition of "Soldiers Three." He will be possessed of a dedication to "Tommy Atkins" and of an interesting preface.

Mr. Frederick Wodmore has been spending the winter at Cannes for his health. To all to whom his "Pastorals of France" remains one of the most pleasant of reading memories it will be good news that he is not too ill to undertake another collection of short stories.—C. K. S.



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

A few days ago M. de Mohrenheim—why not von Mohrenheim?—the Russian Ambassador in Paris, informed M. Hanotaux, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, that the jasper vase which the late Czar ordered to be executed in commemoration of the visit of the Russian fleet to Toulon was ready to be dispatched to its destination. The work of art—and by all accounts it is such—is intended as a present to the city of Paris, or to be absolutely correct, to the Municipality itself, in recognition of their enthusiastic reception of the Muscovite sailors. Within a month or so, therefore, we may expect another demonstration of goodwill on the part of the Parisians towards their so-called allies. I say so-called, for there is not the slightest evidence that Alexander III. contracted an alliance of any kind with the Government of the Third Republic, and it is very certain that his successor has not had the time to do this, even if he were personally inclined in that direction, or if his advisers considered the step necessary.

The vase, when dispatched, will be the third present the rulers of Russia have given to France within the last half-century, although until now only one gift, and that virtually a money gift, has come to hand. For the third, as I have said already, is not even on its way to France, and the second was lost mysteriously, and apparently beyond the remotest chance of recovery, in transit. I am alluding to the "sword of honour" sent in 1887 to the late General Boulanger, which weapon seemingly did not go beyond the German Customs' frontier, Eidenkühnen, where it suddenly vanished, and probably for ever. The first was the Government tax on the blocks of red porphyry out of which the sarcophagus of Napoleon I. at the Invalides was hewn. The architect, Visconti, considered that porphyry was the most suitable material, and porphyry was nowhere to be had but from a quarry on the banks of Lake Onega.

The quarry belonged to the Crown, and had never been worked, and, in fact, could not be worked without the permission of Nicholas I. and the payment of a certain tax. The Czar remitted the tax, and then the rumour spread that Russia had made France a present of the tomb of Napoleon I. Great indignation prevailed, though there was not the least cause for indignation, considering that for the last hundred years, not fifty of which had elapsed then, the Czars had never been the enemies of France herself, and certainly the most generous adversaries of the great Emperor. Nevertheless, Guizot, the then Prime Minister, was terribly heckled, especially by Montalembert, although Guizot only did what was right, courteous, and diplomatic under the circumstances.

As a matter of course, Montalembert carried France with him for a little while, but for a little while only; for, rightly or wrongly, the French have never cherished any deliberate ill-will against the Russian empire or its rulers; they have always credited the Muscovite with being more sympathetic to them than the facts, perhaps, warranted. Even during the Crimean War the French rarely showed any downright hatred. Logically, this undercurrent of amity may not stand a moment's test, but I am confident that it existed, for within a few months of the fall of Sebastopol, I came to Paris for the first time, and though but a mere lad, I was sufficiently observant to notice the signs around me, and sufficiently sharp to understand the conversations of my elders on the subject.

The latest outbursts of enthusiasm can be more easily accounted for: they have their origin in events that happened exactly twenty years ago, during the reign of Alexander II. The grandfather of the present Czar was then credited by those who were behind the diplomatic scenes with having averted another war between Germany and France. I fancy there was a good deal of exaggeration, both as to the designs of Germany and the part of France's protector as supposedly enacted by Czar Alexander II.; but there was a certain foundation for the rumours that prevailed among the Corps Diplomatique. I am writing from memory, but pretty certain of my main facts.

The Duc Decazes was Minister for Foreign Affairs, and General Le Flô the French Ambassador in St. Petersburg. Radowitz, the confidant of Bismarck, had just presented his credentials. Whether General Le Flô was really the clever diplomatist people have endeavoured to make him out I cannot say; but according to the most trustworthy accounts current at the time, he considered the presence of Radowitz in St. Petersburg a

source of danger to France, and solicited there and then an audience of the Czar, in which he exposed the situation soberly, as a soldier should, adding that, in the event of aggression, Germany would find France better prepared than she expected; in fact, better prepared than she had been during the last five-and-twenty years.

The Czar did not pledge himself to anything, but gave the Ambassador the assurance of his friendly feelings towards France, which assurance Le Flô immediately transmitted to his chief. The latter replied by impressing upon the Ambassador the necessity of obtaining a more binding promise; in other words, of obtaining a promise of armed intervention on the part of Russia in the event of another outbreak of hostilities.

The Duc Decazes' instructions reached Le Flô at the very moment when he was leaving the Embassy to go to an official dinner. He had no time to read the dispatches carefully, but crammed them into his pockets. He had seen enough, however, to show him that the situation was critical to a degree, and on the spot he sent a note to Prince Gortschakoff asking him for an interview on the following morning. Le Flô returned home late, and found the reply



THE LATE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.

Photo by Lafayette.

waiting for him. He had not had a second glance at the documents; nevertheless, when shown into Gortschakoff's room, he had mastered their contents. At the Prince's request, and contrary to diplomatic reserve, Le Flô handed him the papers, among which there was a letter commenting in the most flattering terms on the character of Alexander II. The papers were shown to Alexander, who gave the promise required. From that moment the nation—I mean the French—were told that Russia was their only friend, and they have believed it ever since, forgetting that the will of Russia counts for nothing and the will of the Czar for everything, and that Czars are liable to death like other mortals. The real facts, however, as I have endeavoured to sketch them, are not known to the general public; but the French, in spite of their proverbial opposition to the powers that be, are easily led.

The President and ex-President of the French Republic met at a social function on March 23. The occasion for this interesting *rencontre* was the students' ball at the Foreign Office, the honorary presidency of which had been accepted by M. Casimir-Perier before his resignation. A good deal of interest was directed towards the actual meeting of the two men, and the incident added *éclat* to the proceedings.—As a sequel to the case in which Mr. Whistler was recently concerned, it is now stated that the distinguished artist challenged Mr. George Moore to a duel! But the critic did not reply to the letter sent by Mr. Whistler's seconds, and so presumably the duel will only take place on paper and be infinitely more amusing.

## THE LATE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.

Society has lost in the youthful Duchess of Leinster one of its brightest and most winsome ornaments. Hermione Wilhelmina was the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Feversham, and was within eleven days of her thirty-first birthday. Her beauty, as well as that of her sisters, Helen Venetia (who married Sir Edgar Vincent), Mabel Cynthia (who married Sir Richard James Graham), and Lady Ulrica Duncombe, has been the delight of many eyes; and to beauty the Duchess of Leinster added a love of art which found expression in a capital study of sculpture. It was in January 1884 that she married the fifth Duke of Leinster, the Premier Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Ireland. There were four children by the marriage, one of whom, a daughter, died in infancy. In 1893 the Duke died after a very brief illness, and this shock undoubtedly accelerated the illness of his wife. The Duchess had been spending the winter in the Riviera, but all that medical skill and the devoted nursing of her family could do was unable to avert the fatal termination which took place at Mentone, on March 19. The Earl and Countess of Feversham, with other members of the family, were present when the Duchess passed away, and they are receiving numerous testimonies to the affection with which she was regarded in the neighbourhood of Carton, the ducal seat in Ireland. The young Duke, who is only seven years old, and his two brothers, have thus been bereft within two years of both their parents. The funeral will take place in Ireland. Her death has cast a gloom over all the English circle in the South of France.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Archdeacon Wilson spoke at the annual fraternal gathering of the Nonconformist students of Manchester, and discussed some of the recent changes in the mutual attitude of philosophy, economics, science criticism, and theology. He said there was a reaction of science towards religion, and that criticism also had done much to re-establish faith. The one real revelation was that of the laws of God in their effect on the evolution of the history of the Jewish nation and the Jewish mind. The better we understand the Bible the better we should understand that revelation.

It seems that Mr. Athelstan Riley opened Assyria. The Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking at a meeting on behalf of the Mission to Assyrian Christians, at Cambridge, said that Mr. Riley was a very young man when he quietly went to him and asked whether there was anything that he could give him to do, because he was anxious to devote his fortune and his energies as far as he could to the services of the Church as a layman. The Archbishop smiled and said, "Perhaps you would like to go to Assyria?" Mr. Riley said, "I will certainly go if you send me." Since then Mr. Riley had been there three times.

It appears that the clerical distress is worst in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex. There the agricultural depression is most acute, and in some cases advantage is being taken of the late Tithe Act by the landowners, who refuse the payment of tithe on the ground that they derive no profit from the land.

The Irish Church Congress, to be held at Derry, promises to be very interesting. Among the speakers will be Mrs. Alexander, the wife of the accomplished Bishop of Derry, who is famous as a hymn-writer. All the prelates of the Irish Church have cordially promised to be present, with two exceptions—one from ill-health. Men of all schools are to take part, from Dr. Kane, the well-known Ulster Protestant leader, to Canon Travers Smith and Canon Knox Little.

There were about a hundred persons present in Bow Church when the election of the new Bishop of Hereford was confirmed.

The Rev. J. B. Strong, the Bampton Lecturer for this year, is discussing the subject of Christian ethics, and is attracting large congregations.

A correspondent of a Church paper says that he knows by experience that Anglicans in the Levant are freely admitted to religious privileges by every part of the Eastern Church. Greek Bishops when in England attend Anglican churches, and even the consecration of Bishops; but the Roman Catholics hold aloof, and refuse admission to communion and confession.

The sale of Mr. Balfour's book continues to be rapid; and in America, Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution," a copy-right work, has been issued at twenty-five cents.

The rather profitless correspondence in the *Church Times* about the absence of working men from church has come to a close. In summing up, the editor assigns importance to the spread of criticism, the recent studies in comparative religion, the idea of evolution, the Hedonistic theories of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and the long hours of working men.

A Methodist journal accuses the High Church Social Union of attempting to capture the Independent Labour party. It points out that a prominent official of that society is a contributor to the *Clarion*. But the candidate supported by the Independent Labour party at Bristol the other day was an advocate of Welsh Disestablishment.—V.





A FISHING VILLAGE IN BRITTANY.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Judging from recent signs on the literary horizon, and from correspondence with which I am continually being favoured, the topic of "phantasms" and "apparitions" does not appear to lose its attractiveness for a certain class of mind. One is almost awary of explaining that there does exist on the part of the brain a power of projecting the memories of things seen and heard (or even imagined) upon the receptive extremities of sense-organs, and of thus giving rise to subjective sensations (of things seen and heard), such as have no outward (or objective) existence at all. That physiological irritation of the brain-end of the seeing apparatus—that is, the retina of the eye—will give rise to visions and illusions of things seen is an ordinary fact of life. We experience this in the flashes of light which result when the eyeball is struck, and we see the same effect in the delirium of, say, a dipsomaniac, whose "phantasms" are of anything but an agreeable kind. A ringing in the ears is a subjective sensation of hearing.

With these physiological experiences plainly discernible, one comes to wonder at the persistence wherewith certain people hammer away at the idea that some "phantasms" may be other than purely subjective things; or, in plain language, that they may (on convenient occasion) be the actual representations of shades and "spiritual" bodies. To assert that if I see the phantasm of a deceased friend, there may be a chance or probability that the illusion actually represents a visitation from "another place," is to open anew the floodgates of superstition, which science for a century or two gone by has been slowly but surely closing. To say that cases have occurred in which it is impossible to account for phantasms save under the idea that the eye can occasionally perceive what under ordinary circumstances it is incapable of seeing—namely, the intangible and ethereal "shades"—is, after all, equivalent to making the whole matter a question of evidence. And ghost-seers are notoriously impatient of cross-examination. Besides, if I really see anything external to myself, I can only appreciate it as a sensation because light-waves reflected from it are received by my eye and duly focussed on my retina. Do phantasms then, in the idea that they may be outward realities, possess solidity and tangibility so that they may reflect light-waves? Anything which is maintained to have been seen as an external body cannot be an "airy nothing." If so, then phantasms must have a good deal more of the old man (and the old woman) about them than is usually credited on the purely literary theories which prevail. To my correspondents who are troubled when there are "visions about," I tender the advice to investigate the physiology of the nervous system. They will find in such a study the best curative to the notion that phantasms may possess an external and objective existence, and will realise truly that any ghosts or visions which trouble us really come from the inside of our own heads.

Talking of brain-action reminds me of a curious case of dual nature lately reported by Mr. L. C. Bruce. The subject was a patient who among other mental peculiarities exhibited a curious duplex state, whereof the chief feature consisted in his speaking at one period English and at another period Welsh. The English-speaking period was associated with mania. His memory for events which had occurred in the English-speaking period was good, while he could not recollect anything occurring in the Welsh period. He wrote from left to right, with his right hand. When writing with his left hand, he produced "mirror-writing" from right to left. The Welsh period was marked by the condition known as dementia, and while he was right-handed in the English stage, he became left-handed in the Welsh. We may here bear in mind the fact that each half of the cerebrum, while possibly possessing a limited influence over its own side of the body, practically governs the *opposite* side. In the Welsh period, the man's speech was said to be almost unintelligible, but what could be understood was in the language of this phase of his life, while English was then an unknown tongue to him.

The one stage is described, as regards his mental and physical condition, as the complete antithesis of the other. He was a maniac in the one and a demented person in the other. The case, of course, becomes interesting, as Mr. Bruce clearly shows, from its explanation, involving the consideration of the relations of the two halves or lobes of the cerebrum above referred to. Have we two brains or one? is a question often mooted in cerebral physiology; or, in other words, can we have independent action of the two halves of the great brain, so as to constitute a dual mentality? I do not think there is any doubt that now and then one lobe acts independently of the other. Mr. Bruce holds that, in the case of his patient, the mental impressions received during each of his separate phases were recorded in one cerebral hemisphere only. It is, perhaps, not necessary to tie oneself down to this rigid statement; for while one hemisphere may be controlling mere movements apart from the other, intellectual operations may equally well be the result of the operation of both halves of the brain. The independence of the halves of the cerebrum is further argued for on the basis that if they did not act separately the patient would not have remained ignorant of his Welsh when he assumed the English phase.

But is this a logical deduction? We are dealing here primarily with a brain which is abnormal, and whose operations have to be judged and estimated differently from those of the natural man. It is not necessary surely to assume that one half of this patient's brain was practically Welsh and the other half English to account for the left-handedness of the Welsh phase and *vice versa*. We might argue equally well that the man's mentality as such represented simply the abnormal work of his brain as a whole; while his purely motor functions (left and right-handedness) simply resulted from some unusual one-sided stimulation apart altogether from the mental phases. Be that as it may, I think the evidence in normal life is all in favour of the simultaneous action and co-operation of the two halves of the brain as essential for ordinary intellectual efforts.

## CHESS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

N A (Mulkheim, Rheims).—Your problem cannot be solved. There is no mate by P to K 4th or Q B 4th, as the Black Pawn at Q 5th takes en passant. In any case, the composition is below our standard.

G DOUGLAS ANGAS (Newwick).—It shall have further consideration.

F C BRUNDAGE (Windsor).—Thanks for the games, which we shall be pleased to publish if they are sufficiently interesting.

PROFESSOR JOSH (Indore).—Your problem marks progress, but it is still too weak. The interest in Black's defence is quite wanting.

PROFESSOR ATHAVALE (Indore).—Problem under consideration.

J W SAVORY (Berea, South Africa).—We are much obliged for your communication, and are pleased to hear chess is flourishing in Natal.

W T PIERCE.—To hand with many thanks.

W P HIND.—Q to B 2nd unfortunately yields another solution.

J M LOTT.—No. 1 has been received and is under consideration. It is just a trifle weak in its play.

A R V SAstry (Mysore).—"The Chess Problem" published by Cassell and Co.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2651 received from J Savory (Natal); of No. 2652 from Dr. A R V Sastry (Mysore), Professor E V Joshi (Indore), and Professor R S Athavale (Indore City); of No. 2653 from W N Maitra (Chinsurah, Bengal), Dr. A R V Sastry, Professor R S Athavale, and Professor B V Joshi; of No. 2654 from Dr. A R V Sastry, W N Maitra, Professor B V Joshi, R S Athavale, and Trimbak Ganesh Purkar (Jhansi); of No. 2656 from A P (St. John, N.B.), and C Field jun. (Athol, Mass.); of No. 2657 from W E Thompson, Borden School, Thomas H Pratt (Newbury), Meursius (Brussels), Norman Alliston, and O Pearce (Wootton-under-Edge); of No. 2658 from John McRobert (Crossgar), Thomas H Pratt, R Fortescue Hind (Leicester), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), C A French, Disco (Grays), J T Orage (Clapham), Thomas Isaac, H S Brandreth, Rev Francis W Jackson, W Miller, Herbert Proddham, W E Best, F Partridge (Bath), George Rigg (Longtown), P Finet (Nottingham), J Bailey (Newark), J D Tucker (Leeds), T J Walker, James Collins (Cranbrook), and F Hutchinson (Southend).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2659 received from F Leete (Sudbury), C E Perugini, T Roberts, Edward J Sharpe, L Desanges, J W George Thurstield (Wednesbury), W d'A Barnard, P Einert, J D Tucker (Leeds), Shadforth, M A Eyre (Folkestone), J T Orage, Dr F St W R Hatfield, R H Brooks, G Douglas Angas, W P Hind, Alpha, Charles Burnett, J Croydon Chess Club, Ubique, C B Penny, E E H, J A B, E Loudon, F Hutchinson, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), M Burke, T G (Ware), Charles Wagner, Leopold Wagner (Vienna), F Waller (Luton), E B Poord, W Benglas (Ripon), W R B (Clifton), Sorrento, W Faure (Contra), Marie S Priestley (Bangor, county Down), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Oliver Icingle, A E McClintock (Kingstown), and H Moorman (Liverpool).

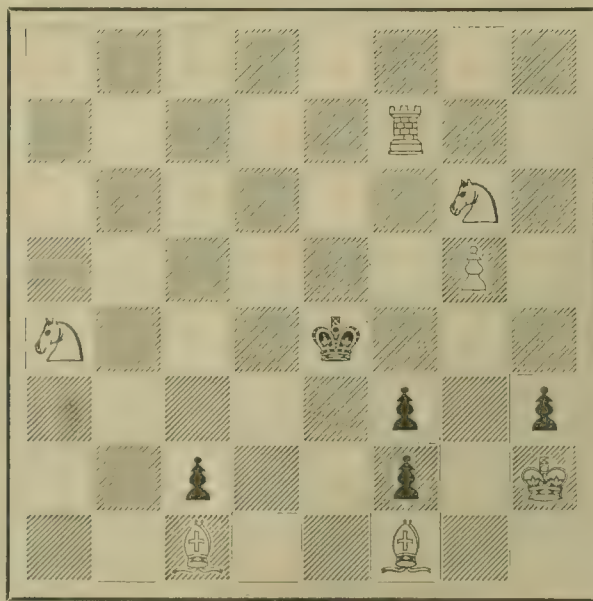
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2658.—By the REV. W. E. THOMPSON.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to R 8th Any move  
2. Mates accordingly

PROBLEM No. 2661.

By W. FINLAYSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

The following game between Messrs. W. BENNETT and D. F. SHELDON was awarded the prize for the best Cunningham Gambit in the Southern Californian Correspondence Tourney.

(Cunningham Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. P to K Kt 3rd	B takes P (ch)
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	18. K to Kt sq	P to Kt 5th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	B to K 2nd	19. Q to Q 3rd	Q to Kt 2nd
4. B to B 4th	B to K 5th (ch)	20. R to K sq	Q R to Q sq
5. K to B sq		21. Q to K 4th	Q to Q 2nd
A variation often played here in oldhand games is 5. P to Kt 3rd, P takes P; 6. Castles, P takes P (ch); 7. K to R sq, etc., but it is less reliable than the text play.			
6. B takes P	P to Q 4th	22. Kt to B 6th (ch)	R takes Kt
7. Q Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	23. P takes R	Kt takes P
8. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes B	24. R to Q sq	P to Q B 4th
9. Kt takes B	Castles	25. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to K 7th (ch)
10. P to Q 3rd	Q takes K Kt	26. K to R 2nd	Q to Q B 2nd
It is not safe at any time hereabouts to capture the Q B P.			
11. B takes P	Kt to B 3rd	White here announced mate in seven moves. A fine problem-like finish: 27. Q to K 6th (ch), K to R sq, 28. Q to K 6th, R to K Kt sq; 29. Q takes Q, Kt to Q 5th; 30. R takes Kt, P takes R; 31. R to K sq, any move; 32. R to K 5th, and mates next move.	
12. P to K 5th	P to K B 4th		
13. B to Kt 3rd	P to K Kt 4th		
14. P to Q 4th	Q to R 3rd		
15. B to B 2nd	P to B 5th		
16. P to K R 3rd	B to Kt 6th		

The London League competition has been brought to a conclusion by the match between the Metropolitan Chess Club and the Bohemians, when the former achieved a notable victory by not losing a single game, its score being 11 wins and 9 draws. The winning club for the fourth year in succession takes the premier position in this competition, and during the whole period of its existence has maintained its place in the League with an unbroken series of triumphs. The short space of time it has taken to become one of the foremost chess bodies in the world reflects the highest credit on the energy and capacity of its management, and it must be congratulated on the possession of an executive so efficient. We append the total result of its League matches during the years 1891-95: Won, 175; drawn, 131; lost, 74.

"The Art of Chess," by James Mason (Horace Cox, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.),—The deserved success of the author's first book has not unreasonably inspired the desire to follow it up with another, and we think in the present volume he has really achieved such a result. It is, perhaps, more in the nature of a compilation than an original work, but the examples are so well chosen, so emphatically worthy of their place, and so admirably true to their title that only a master mind could have selected them from the great mass of material that every year sees accumulated for such use. The arrangement, however, is somewhat curious. The section devoted to openings comes last, that to end-games first, an order that, with all deference to Mr. Mason, we think unnatural. The second section is the most important and the best. It consists of a little over one hundred and fifty diagrams from actual play, chiefly in the great tournaments and matches of recent times. They are all practically endings—that is to say, although the positions are suggestive of the mid-game, they are those from which final results are immediately obtained. The search for these seems to have been thorough, although there are some conspicuous omissions, which, perhaps, it would be invidious to indicate. The work is exceedingly companionable, as, for its greater part, it does not need the board and men, and is in our opinion the best popular presentation of fine chess that has yet appeared.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

There is a capital display of every sort of early spring novelties at Messrs. Peter Robinson's at present. Many of the new things are completely different from those of last season, and this is particularly the case in a department in which this great house is always exceptionally good—the mantles. Everything here is of the newest. Black satin, black velvet, and butter-coloured lace compose many of the mantles; in fact, black satin ribbon trims almost all mantles in more or less quantity. But the newest things, those most clearly of to-day, are the various materials "à jour"—that is, openwork, like the old-fashioned needlework which our grandmothers called "embroidery," and to which we find sarcastic allusions, as "holes cut to be sewn round," in early Victorian literature. In the new "à jour" silk these holes are apparently sewn round; while in cloth and velvet the holes are merely stamped out in the appointed pattern and remain rough-edged. As a rule, these openwork materials are made up over colours, which show through the pattern in a pretty casual way. A very stylish and uncommon, yet not startling, mantle at Messrs. Peter Robinson's was of black velvet "à jour," over a violet shot silk lining, with a collar of guipure lace, and a fascinating arrangement of black ostrich-feathers on the shoulders and round the yoke. Another pretty little cape had the outside of black fine face cloth "à jour" over a pale yellow shot silk. In another case, the stylish full cape was of brown shot velvet "à jour," with a full ruffle of chiffon round the throat, and rows of fine sequin embroidery worked from neck to bottom of the garment to emphasise the folds that it fell into. Another characteristic material of the new season is cloth appliqué: a pattern is placed on an under-surface, and the edges stitched all round with the sewing-machine, and then the fabric is all cut away cleverly round the stitches, so as to leave the shaped pattern appliqué on the under-surface. As a rule, the top and under materials are the same, but sometimes there is a contrast. One or two of the smartest of Peter Robinson's mantles in this style are cloth appliqué on a ground of kid—white in one case, tan in another—the effect in both cases being very uncommon and good. Of course, all these are rather expensive, but there is an immense choice of more everyday garments, too. A little cape that looks very pretty and is to be had in various linings is of black net with black silk appliqué and fastened on by a handworked outlining of fine jet, this material is placed over a rather bright shot silk, of which a full ruffle finishes the neck and edges of the cape, and gives a note of colour. A deep violet glacé shot silk is made up very effectively in this fashion, and there are also lighter colours. Very full and very short capes are by far the most fashionable wear, as a consequence of the size that the sleeves of the new season will attain. There are some stylish coats, however, for anybody who prefers those garments. Lyons velvet in a watercress-green tone, with a yellow silk vest embroidered all over with tiny jet beads, as also were the wide revers, made one such; and another extremely pretty jacket for a slender figure was a brown cloth adorned with lines of military braid stitched in downward rows all over, while a ruche of mingled black and a brown silk chiffon finished it off, and the sleeve-tops were huge enough to accommodate any reasonable dress. Of course, the day dresses have not such abnormal sleeves as the evening or full visiting toilettes will have. There are natty little serge coats lined with silk ready for girls' wear, at the small price of one guinea; and there are sumptuous evening mantles cut with huge sleeves, and following the figure at the waist enough to be shapely. There is a special sale going on here of the richest and most beautiful of silks, both the new glacés and chinés and rich brocades fit for evening or Court wear; and these are all several shillings a yard under the usual price.

Messrs. Debenham and Freebody have now ready to send out from their well-known Wigmore Street house an "early spring catalogue," which is prior to their usual issue in May of one of the season's goods. This is an innovation that will be much appreciated by ladies living in the country and not able to pay the shops a personal visit. There are some articles—such as demi-saison mantles and children's frocks and one's own tailor dresses—that one wants to have new directly the sun begins to shine again; and the usual spring catalogues, appearing about Easter, are too late to meet the want. The new fashions in all these articles are illustrated in this special catalogue. A great feature is made of ladies' shirts. I have already mentioned that a coat and skirt will be the leading fashion in the coming season of the tailor-made dress, and with this and a few nice shirts to wear on hot days and a warmer vest for cold windy days we are well provided for spring.

There is nothing like a theatre that has a modern society piece running with high success for seeing what is the current of fashion. The Garrick is in the full tide of such a success, every seat filled with well-dressed people. On the stage Mrs. Patrick Campbell wears only one gorgeous gown. It is doubtless a costly one, being of black gauze very heavily embroidered with gold put over yellow silk; but it is quite out of the present fashion. The other dresses, however, make up for this, being in the height of fashion. Miss Ellis Jeffrey's best dress is a black-and-white check glacé silk, the skirt very full and plain, the bodice having a pouch front edged by a fichu of cream muslin and lace, the long ends of this passing under a waistbelt of black satin. Her little mantle is delightful. The material is black face cloth cut full and short; the white satin lining is visible at many points, and is emphasised by a couple of narrow lines of white satin piping round the edge of the cape, and also round the wide tabs that form the collar beneath a ruffle of black chiffon. The bonnet is of white crinoline straw, with wide bows of black chiffon, black lace and jet, and a brush osprey aigrette. Nothing could be more up-to-date or more practical and lady-like than the entire toilette. Another dress, equally fashionable, is in black alpaca, a material that is to enjoy a new lease of favour, and is made with a coat bodice opening over a blouse of pleated white chiffon, the revers showing black net over white satin, and being edged all round by a full frill of the net, on which white lace motifs are appliqué.



# MINING IN NEW ZEALAND—ACHILLES GOLD-FIELDS, LIMITED.

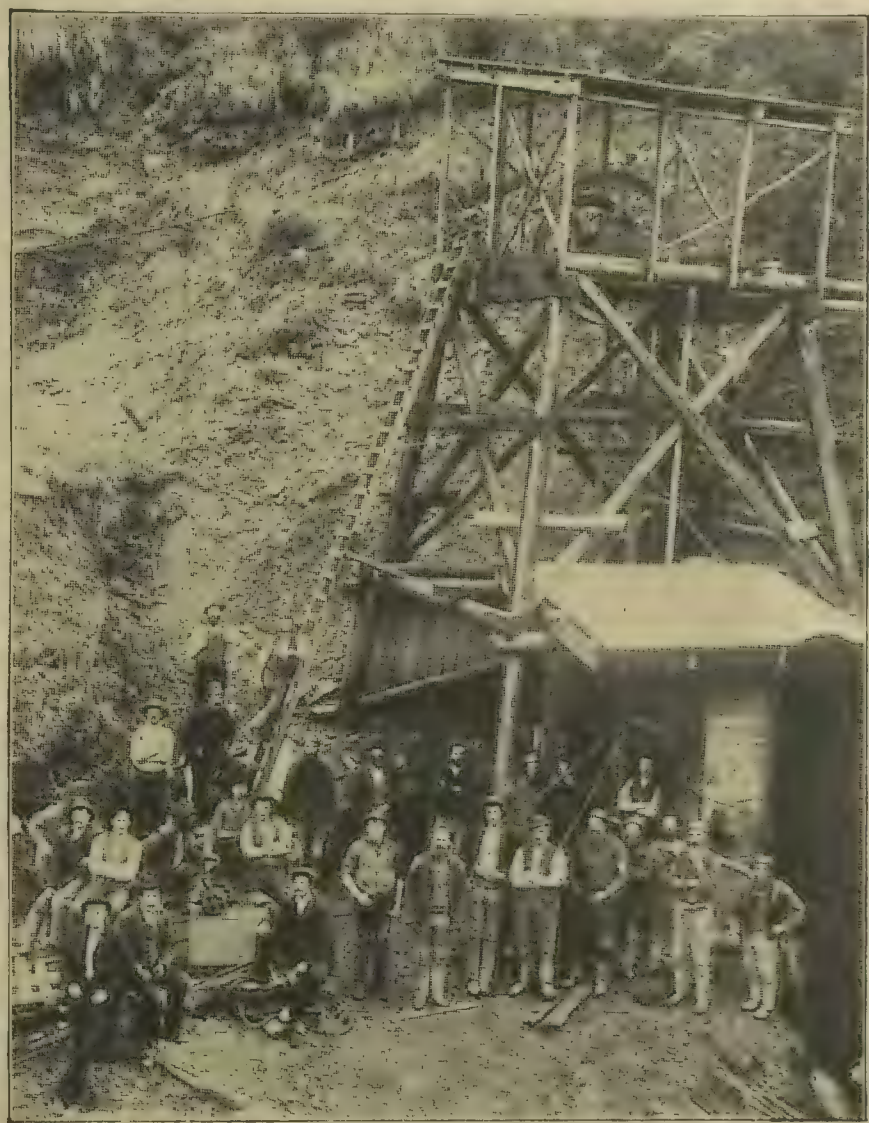
Now that so much notice is being given to the gold-mining industry in New Zealand, it may not be out of place to call attention to the Shares of the above-named Company, which have not yet participated to any appreciable extent in the rise which other properties in that field have attained. This Company owns the celebrated Phoenix Mine, known to be one of the richest and best Gold Mines in New Zealand. It has been inspected and reported upon by several eminent engineers, who have declared that the quartz lodes are true fissure veins, and in true fissure veins it is well known that there is no fear of giving out or not paying as depth is reached, the experience being that they get richer the farther they go down. The property is situated on Skipper's Creek, Shotover River District, Lake County, Otago (New Zealand), and includes several valuable water rights; the extent is 124 acres. The Mine has been worked and in operation for some time, but the above-named Company was only registered as recently as March 15, 1893. A considerable amount of development work has been done and ore extracted,



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which is reported to be sufficient to keep the 30-stamp mill, owned by the Company, fully supplied for at least three years. It is contemplated to increase the number of stamps, besides which additional water-power is being brought in, with a view to putting up more Pelton water-wheels. As soon as this is completed the output will be doubled, with the prospect that the dividend earning capacity will be increased. A considerable sum, amounting to over £50,000, has already been spent in developing the properties and on the machinery. It is not generally known that investors do not take the same risk in New Zealand as in some other directions, because in regard to a mine such as the above-mentioned, investors have only to go to the New Zealand Colonial Office in Victoria Street, Westminster, to see that the property is a genuine Gold Mine, and has paid in the past. There is every reason that this Mine should do so in the future, especially after the several improvements above mentioned are carried into effect.

The above views show the 30-stamp Mill, Hoist, Machinery, &c., employed for the working and development of the property.



## ART NOTES.

The spring exhibition at the Royal Society of British Artists can scarcely be held to fulfil the promise of a higher standard work which the autumn show led us to hope. There may have been physical reasons which have prevented the contributors from doing their best; but on that assumption one is aghast at the almost universal prevalence of the epidemic among British artists. The pictures which from their size challenge the eye are, as a rule, the most unfortunate. Mr. S. M. Laurence's "Setting Sun" (126) certainly contains some skilfully imagined effects of a low sun on the crest of green waves, and there is some good work in the waves themselves. On the other hand, he represents a sky in which there is no trace of air stirring, while the breakers on a level sandy shore are only possible under conditions of a heavy off-shore breeze. Mr. William Hunt's "Waters of Lethe" (8) is a more ambitious and a less successful attempt to cover a large expanse of canvas. Three ungainly figures, with preternatural red hair, are extended upon a red expanse of leaves of unknown description, and are separated by a sluggish stream from an horizon of intense blue. There may be some poetic significance in the arrangement, but there is no pictorial harmony. Mr. Frank Dean's "Storm-Cloud" (229) has some good points in the painting of heavy storm-driven sky, and haymakers hastening to the shelter of the neighbouring copse; and Mr. Spenlove's "Passing Storm" (97) is an equally good attempt to combine cloud and sea-shore. In Mr. Bertram Priestman's "Condemned" (118), an old hulk ready for the shipbreaker, the water is well rendered; and Mr. Alfred Edward shows that he has

studied from nature in his treatment of the sea round Dunnottar Castle (254). The President, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, is represented by only three pictures—"The Rose Window at Chartres Cathedral" (136)—painted in his usual style, and showing his mastery over the traceries of Gothic architecture—a somewhat less interesting study from St. Lawrencekirche at Nuremberg (196), and a careful and striking sketch of the Prisoners' Chapel at Mount St. Michael (392).

Among the works by less known artists there are several which are deserving of notice, if only on account of the rarity of satisfactory fruits of patient labour. Of these, Miss F. L. Bridge's "Study in Brown" (7), Mr. C. W. Groom's "Meadow Stream" (67), Mr. Sherwood Hunter's "Breton Maid" (90), Mr. Albert Kinsley's "Dunwich Bay" (132), Mr. Harry Shield's "In Murthly Wood" (149), Mr. Val Davis's "Winter Gleanings" (218), Mr. Moxon Cook's "Sunset on the Arran Moors" (252), and Miss Rose Douglas's "Anemones" (258), a very delicate bit of flower-painting, are the most attractive. In the vestibule there is a collection of fifteen bright little water-colours by Mr. James E. Grace, chiefly inspired by Surrey and Hampshire commons.

The death of the most distinguished of contemporary writers upon art in Italy, Gaetano Milanesi, should not be allowed to pass without notice. He wrote numberless papers, pamphlets, and articles upon Italian art. The chief work of his life was an edition of Vasari's "Lives of the Painters," which he enriched with notes, commentaries,

explanations, and corrections, introducing into them the results of modern research and of the most recent criticism. He died at Florence, where he had lived the greater part of his life, always accessible to those who sought his advice or desired to benefit by his inexhaustible store of information on the history of Italian art.

If, as we are told, imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, Sir F. Burton has reason to be proud of the work which he accomplished before leaving the National Gallery. The Director of the Louvre has at length recognised the unsatisfactory arrangement of the pictures under his charge, and at the end of last year decided to make some important changes. The results of this rehanging and revised classification will be appreciable to all who visit the most renowned collection of pictures in the Paris capital. Space has been obtained in the first place by the removal of that somewhat overpowering series of Horace Vernet's "Harbours of France," which now finds a more fitting resting-place in the museum attached to the Admiralty. By this means it has been found possible to give a separate room to Lesueur's pictures illustrating the life of St. Bruno, and their place has been taken by the pictures of the German school, now separated for the first time from those of the Dutch and Flemish masters. In the adjoining room the few English pictures which the Louvre possesses are grouped together, but already the importance of increasing the representation of English art in the national collection has been urged upon the authorities from various influential quarters. We may therefore expect to find the French dealers

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competing for really first-rate English works at the sales of the approaching season. It has not been so far possible to separate rigidly the Dutch and Flemish pictures, from structural causes; but the gems of each school are now all placed on the line, and are no longer huddled together as formerly, without an inch of wall space between them.

The rearrangement of the Italian pictures is not yet complete; but one room has been wholly set apart for the Primitives, arranged according to their special schools. M. Lafenestre and M. Darrieu are now busy with the later developments of each art centre, and the pictures are to be arranged chronologically, so far as is compatible with the exigencies of the space at their disposal.

At the Goupil Gallery there is a very charming collection of about forty pictures by that prince of cattle-painters, Emile van Marcke, an artist of Flemish descent but of French training and sympathies. His earliest work, after his student days were over, was an employment in the Sèvres porcelain manufactory. Here he remained ten years, and, as good luck happened, here also he met Troyon, to whom he attached himself, and probably learnt from him that love of nature which afterwards marked his work. This influence is the more especially traceable in such pictures as "At Yport" (30), a beautiful warm afternoon effect, and in the "Incheville Marshes" (22), with its finely painted

clouds. In such works as these van Marcke rises almost to the level of his master Troyon; but in his own special line as a painter of cattle he was without an equal among his fellows in France or elsewhere. "La Belle du Troupeau" (31) is a splendid lit of colour and drawing: a black-and-white cow stands in the water, the other members of the herd standing at a respectful distance. "The Duckpond" (8), with its blue sky showing above the surrounding trees; "The Watering-Place" (18), with its tone and flowers of spring; and above all the group, "Bringing in the Cattle" (10), a landscape bathed in sunlight, are among the gems of this exhibition, which gives a fairly adequate idea of van Marcke's place in modern art.

The most recent volume of the excellent series of monographs on "Les Artistes Célèbres" (Paris: Librairie de l'Art) is devoted to Hubert Robert, the contemporary of Fragonard and David. During his lifetime he enjoyed considerable reputation, which has not survived him, and the interest of this volume lies in the fact that it is an epitome of the history of French art at the close of the eighteenth century. It was, perhaps, Robert's misfortune that he should have been living at Naples at the time when Herculaneum was first discovered, for he seemed to feel it incumbent on him to turn to profitable use the revival of "classicism" which

followed on the unearthing of that buried town. The real interest of Robert's life was in its surroundings. He had been on intimate terms with Diderot, Voltaire, the Empress Catherine of Russia, and the general circle of the encyclopædists, and we owe to his pencil some excellent portraits of his friends. His advanced opinions, however, did not save him when the Revolution burst upon France, and the author of this volume, M. C. Gabilot, makes it unpleasantly clear that David, jealous of his brother artist, did not hesitate to denounce him to the Committee of Public Safety. Robert was arrested, and confined first in Ste. Pelagie and afterwards at St. Lazare, where he had for companions, among others, André Chénier and Roucher. Many of the sketches which he made at this time, including portraits of his fellow-captives, are reproduced in this volume. These sketches, and many others in a lighter vein, are a curious commentary on the times in which they were made. While his fellow-prisoners were writing sonnets and *bergeries* in verse or *besquinades* in prose, Robert was painting nymphs and ruins of Tivoli and Paestum, without a thought of the tragedies passing around them, or of the fate which awaited them. Under the Directory, Robert obtained his freedom, was appointed Custodian of the Louvre, and died in 1808, at the age of seventy-five. M. Gabilot gives a vivid picture of his prison life, and justifies his claim to rescue "Robert des Ruines" from the oblivion into which he has fallen.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 26, 1892), with a codicil (dated Nov. 25, 1893), of Mr. William Bolitho, D.L., J.P., of Ponsandane, Gulval, Cornwall, who died on Dec. 2, was proved on March 15 by Richard Foster Bolitho, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £188,283. He bequeaths £1000, upon trust, to apply the income in maintaining and repairing the tombs, vaults, and monuments, the Bolitho Chapel, and in keeping in order, planting, and cultivating trees and shrubs, and in beautifying Gulval churchyard; £1000, to apply four fifths of the income for the benefit of four poor widows or spinsters of the parish of Gulval, and one of the trustees at one o'clock p.m. on each anniversary of his death, standing on or near his grave, is to inform the recipients that the money was bequeathed by the testator; the remaining one fifth of the income is to be applied in providing a suitable meal for the trustees at some place in the parish; £500 to the Penzance Library, the income to be laid out in the purchase of standard works in English or foreign languages at a cost of not less than £2 2s. for each complete work, £500, free of legacy duty to the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, domiciled at Penzance, to be invested, and the income applied in providing the die of a medal by a first-rate artist, and when this has been

provided out of income, and not out of principal, then to provide in each year a gold or richly gilt silver medal therefrom, to be called the "William Bolitho medal," to be awarded to such member of the said society whose attainments, labours, and discoveries in geological or mineralogical science shall best deserve recognition, but not to be awarded more than once to the same individual; and £100 to the West Cornwall Dispensary. He also bequeaths £25,000, upon trust, for his sister, Sage Ley Bolitho, for life; and legacies to others of his relatives, kinsmen, clerks, and managers in the Consolidated Bank of Cornwall, and others. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his brother, Mr. R. F. Bolitho.

The will (dated Dec. 24, 1894) of Mr. John Hookway, of 2, Oaklands, Hermon Hill, Wansstead, Essex, who died on Dec. 28, was proved on Feb. 23 by Walter Hookway and James Henry Hookway, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £62,228. The testator makes provision for the maintenance and comfort of his wife, and gives various legacies to children. The residue of his property he leaves to all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 22, 1891) of Mr. William Irving Hare, of 10, Connaught Square, who died on Feb. 17, was

proved on March 14 by Arthur Hart Guinness, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £36,099. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Hon. Miss Kinnaird for the Consumptive Home; £100 to Lord Kinnaird for his Boys' Home; £100 to the London City Mission; and £300 to be divided between his servants according to the number of years they have respectively been in his service. As to the residue of his effects, securities, and moneys, he gives four eighth parts to his brothers; one eighth to his cousins, the Misses Robinson; one eighth to Miss Eliza Galloway; and the remaining two eighth parts to his executor.

The will (dated March 27, 1890) of General Sir John Summerfield Hawkins, K.C.M.G., Colonel-Commandant R.E., of St. Leonards, St. James's Road, Great Malvern, who died on Jan. 10, was proved on March 15 by Colonel Edmond John Lemoyne Twynam and the Rev. Arthur Hawkins, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £22,919. The testator appoints certain trust funds in equal division among his children, Mary Elizabeth, Leonora Harriet, John William, Walter Francis, and Arthur; and bequeaths his household furniture and effects to his daughter Mary Elizabeth; £750 each to his two daughters, and £5000 upon trust for them, and on the death or marriage of both for his surviving

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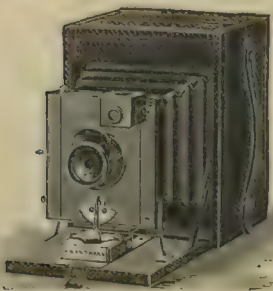
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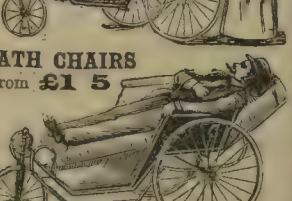
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marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

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they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland,  
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There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the  
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It is sold by all Chemists, in capsuled Imperial Half-pints, 2/6; Pints, 4/9; Quarts, 9/-.  
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Should be used in every household, as { nothing is better  
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Toilet powder — CH. FAY, Inventor  
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"How to Cure Every Skin Disease," post-free.



children; £700 each to his sons Walter Francis and Arthur; £100 to his son John William; and £50 each to his executors. The residue of his estate is to be equally divided between his sons and daughters.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1895) of Mr. Henry Coakley Ratcliffe, of 84, Queen's Gate, Kensington, who died on Feb. 17, was proved on March 19 by George James Green and William Edward Ratcliffe, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £13,843. The testator gives legacies to nieces, nephews, executors, servants, and others; and the residue of his estate and effects, whether real or personal, equally between his brothers, William Edward and Thomas.

The will (dated July 3, 1894), with a codicil (dated Jan. 8, 1895), of Mr. William Leslie Ramsay, of The Albany, Piccadilly, who died on Feb. 3, was proved on Feb. 18 by Major James Alexander Ramsay, the brother,

and Henry Houghton Barnes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £33,924. The testator bequeaths £3000 each to his nieces Florence Helen and Beatrice Emily, the daughters of his late sister Margaret Ellen Edgell; £1000 to his partner, Mr. H. H. Barnes; £5000, upon trust, for his sister Maria Lydia Newbolt, for life, and then for her son and daughter, William Robert Newbolt and Ada Clarke; and an annuity of £120 to Sarah Chapman. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his brother, James Alexander Ramsay.

The will of Mr. Thomas Andrews, of Guildford, who died on Jan. 8, was proved on March 9 by Mrs. Louisa Amelia Andrews, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7548.

The will (dated Jan. 13, 1892) of Colonel William Honeywood, J.P., of 52, Warwick Square, who died on Feb. 6 at Cranberry, Belle Vue, Wandsworth, was proved

on March 16 by William Langstaff Ainslie, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £12,091. The testator devises and bequeaths all the estate and effects whatsoever and wheresoever, both real and personal, to which he may be entitled or which he may have power to dispose of, to his wife, Mrs. Barbara Henrietta Honeywood, absolutely.

The will of the Hon. Mrs. Caroline Frances Lascelles, of Norley, Frodsham, Cheshire, who died on Jan. 8, was proved on March 14 by Colonel Walter Richard Lascelles, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4150.

The will of Mr. George Fellows Harrington, J.P., of Hurdholme Villa, Ryde, Isle of Wight, who died on Feb. 2, was proved on Feb. 23 by Miss Jane Maria Elizabeth Harrington, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £452.

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Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.  
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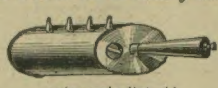
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FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Has been used over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.  
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

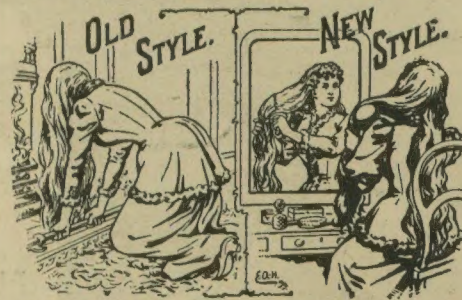
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(About the size of an ordinary Hair Brush.)

Polished Nickel Silver, Post Free, 7/6. Sterling Silver, in Case, 55/-, Post Free.



When filled with boiling water, dries the longest and thickest hair, after washing, in ten or twelve minutes, leaving the hair glossy, flexible, clean, and free from knots.



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Best preserver, strengthener, and beautifier of the hair, prevents it falling off or turning grey, is the best preventive of baldness, and the finest Brilliantine ever made; best invigorator of children's hair. Also sold in a golden colour for fair hair. Sold everywhere. Bottles, 1s. 6d., 7s., and 10s. 6d. equal to four small.

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## FRUIT SEEDS

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Eighty Acres, in Stock.

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Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage Free, for cash with order.  
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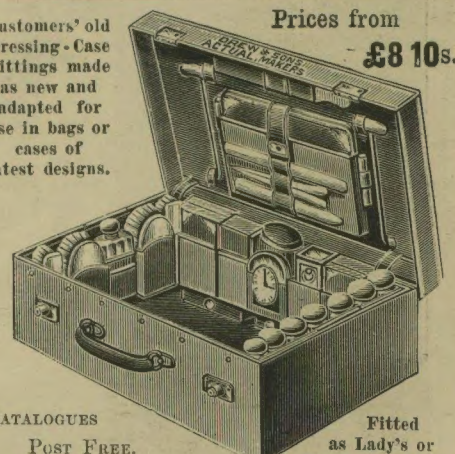
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## X COSMOSINE X

THE ANTISEPTIC AND PERFUMED SALINE FOR THE BATH AND TOILET WATER.

Refreshing and Invigorating, Delightful to the Skin. Softens Hard Water.

Boxes, 1s., and 2s. 6d., at THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES, or through all respectable Chemists everywhere, or direct from the

X COSMOSINE WORKS, Granby Row, Manchester. X



They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours.

12 CURLERS IN BOX FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.

Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by Drapers and Others. The Genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label.

WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST., W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

## JUNO Cycles

are the VERY BEST. RIGID. LIGHT. SWIFT.

New Season List of JUNO Cycles and Cycle Sundries now ready, and sent Post Free to any part of the world. Machines shipped to all parts. Roadsters, Racers, Ladies', and Military Cycles.

CASH DIS & CARRIAGE PAID

Metropolitan Machinists' Company, Ltd. 75 & 76, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C. N.B.—Every JUNO guaranteed.

## TO LADIES.

All the most beautiful women use

## CRÈME SIMON.

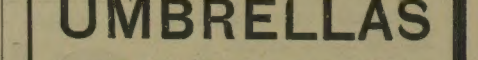
Mme. ADELINA PATTI says: "Have found it very good indeed." For all irritations of the skin it is unequalled. CHAPS, REDNESS, ROUGHNESS disappear as if by magic.

Paris: 13, Rue Grange Batelière. LONDON: Merrens, 64, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. Chemists, Druggists, Perfumers, and Stores.

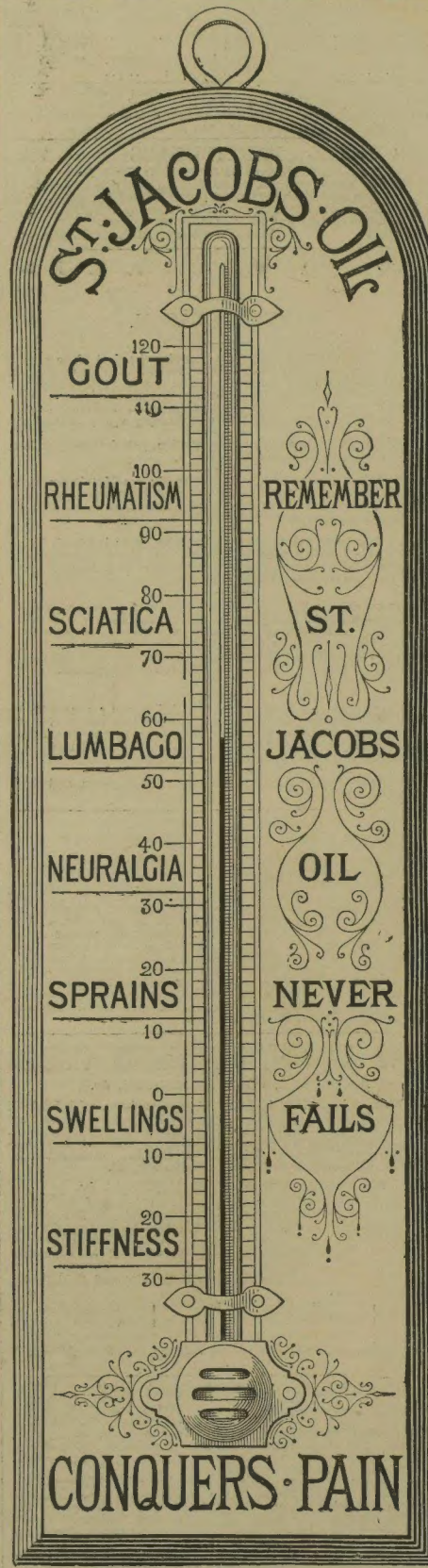


## THE BEST UMBRELLAS

BEAR OUR NAME.



S. FOX & CO. LIMITED



## THE PATENT MASTICATOR.



To use in place of Knife for preparing chops, steaks, and all roast or boiled meats for mastication, by mincing and pulping same on your warm plate, and so preserving all the nutriment. No dinner-table is complete without the Masticator. It is invaluable to the Aged, Young Children, and all suffering from Weak Digestive Organs, or those who eat quickly. It will last a lifetime, being made of fine German Silver, and Electro-plated. Price 6s. each, complete in box, post free to all parts of the world from G. B. SMITH & CO., 9, HORACE ROAD, FOREST GATE, LONDON, E.

Hundreds of un-doubted Testimonials received from Princes downwards, up to the highest terms of the Masticator.

## ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS & WHOOPING COUGH

Radically cured by the use of

## ZEMATONE.

To be obtained of all Chemists, price 2/6 per box. Sample box sent post free on receipt of four penny stamps, to anyone mentioning this Paper.

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THE FOLLOWING PORTRAITS ARE A FEW SPECIMENS OUT OF MANY THOUSANDS OF STRONG AND HEALTHY CHILDREN REARED ON

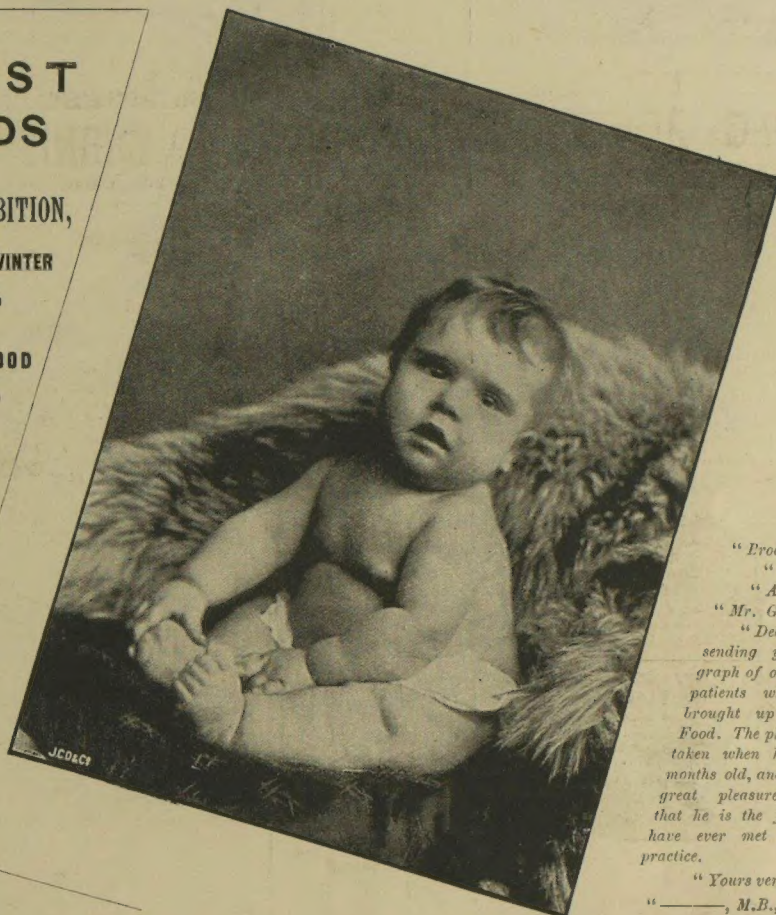
# MELLIN'S FOOD



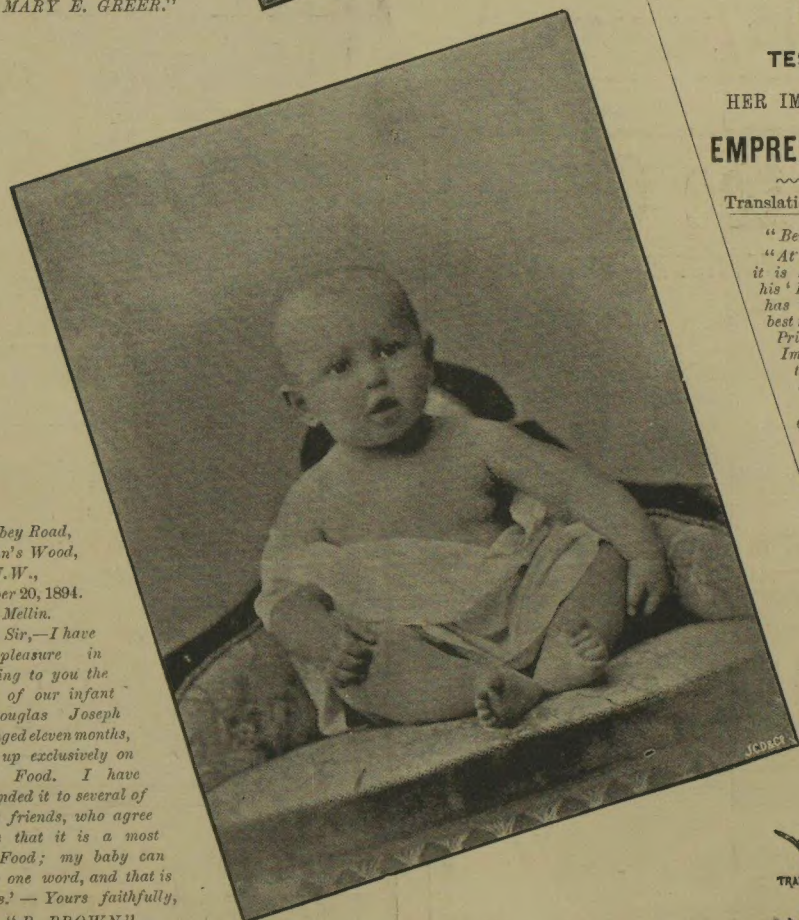
"34, Henry Street,  
"Limerick,  
"December 4, 1894.  
"Mr. G. Mellin.  
"Dear Sir,—En-  
closed you will find a  
photo of my grand-  
daughter, Dorothy Mabel  
Lumley, taken at fifteen  
months old. She was  
reared exclusively on Mel-  
lin's Food from four weeks  
old until ten months; she  
had no illness of any kind  
during that period, and has  
always been a most exception-  
ally healthy child.  
"Yours faithfully,  
"MARY E. GREER."

## HIGHEST AWARDS

AT THE  
CHICAGO EXHIBITION,  
CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER  
EXPOSITION,  
AND  
DRESDEN FOOD  
EXHIBITION.



"Eero's son, Bar,  
"Manchester,  
"August 1, 1894.  
"Mr. G. Mellin.  
"Dear Sir,—I am  
sending you a photo-  
graph of one of my little  
patients who has been  
brought up on Mellin's  
Food. The photograph was  
taken when he was nine  
months old, and I have very  
great pleasure in saying  
that he is the finest baby I  
have ever met with in my  
practice.  
"Yours very truly,  
"M.B., Mast. Surg."



"129, Abbey Road,  
"St. John's Wood,  
"N.W.,  
"December 20, 1894.  
"Mr. G. Mellin.  
"Dear Sir,—I have  
much pleasure in  
forwarding to you the  
portrait of our infant  
son, Douglas Joseph  
Brown, aged eleven months,  
brought up exclusively on  
Mellin's Food. I have  
recommended it to several of  
my lady friends, who agree  
with me that it is a most  
perfect Food; my baby can  
only say one word, and that is  
"Mellin's."—Yours faithfully,  
"R. BROWN."

## TESTIMONIAL FROM HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY

Translation.

"Berlin, April 14, 1893.  
"At Mr. Mellin's request  
it is hereby certified that  
his 'Food' for Children  
has been used with the  
best results by the young  
Princes, sons of their  
Imperial Majesties  
the Emperor  
and Empress.  
"The  
Cabinet of Her  
Majesty the  
Empress and  
Queen."



"23, Queen Street,  
"St. Heliers,  
"Jersey,  
"December 28, 1894.  
"Mr. G. Mellin.  
"Dear Sir,—I en-  
close photo of my  
daughter, Muriel, one  
year old, having been  
brought up entirely on  
Mellin's Food, and still  
continues with it. I cannot  
speak too highly of it, having  
had no trouble with her up  
to present date; I strongly  
recommend it to all my friends,  
as it is such a perfect Food.  
"Yours faithfully,  
"M. J. BOWYER."

## MELLIN'S EMULSION

OF COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES,  
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND BRONCHITIS.  
The Best and Safest Tonic for Children.

Price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per Bottle. Sample Size, 1s. Of all Chemists and Stores.

## MELLIN'S FOOD BISCUITS.

DIGESTIVE. NOURISHING. SUSTAINING.  
For Children after Weaning, the Aged, Dyspeptic, and for all who  
require a Simple, Nutritious, and Sustaining Food.

Price 2s. per Tin.

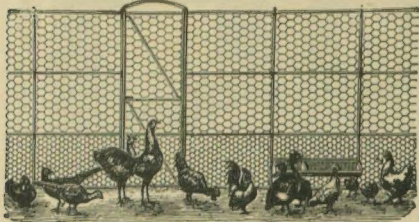
AN ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET ON THE FEEDING AND REARING OF INFANTS: A PRACTICAL AND SIMPLE TREATISE FOR MOTHERS. Containing a large number of Portraits  
of Healthy Children, together with Facsimiles of Original Testimonials, which are of the greatest interest to all mothers, to be had, with Samples, free by post, on application to

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, STAFFORD STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.



# BOULTON & PAUL, MANUFACTURERS, NORWICH.

OUT-DOOR REQUISITES FOR THE GARDEN, PARK,  
PLEASURE GROUNDS, ESTATE, AND FARM.



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**MOVABLE FENCING** For Poultry and Pheasant Inclosures.  
Reduced Cash Prices—6 ft. high, 2/3 per yard run.  
5 ft. high, 2/-  
4 ft. high, 1/10  
Will suit any situation.  
Doorways, 7/6 each; Corner Pillars, 1/6 each.



## OUR ORIGINAL PATTERN MOVABLE POWL HOUSE.

These houses are strongly constructed, and are put together with bolts and nuts.

REDUCED CASH PRICES.  
Carriage Paid.

No. 14.—4 ft. square .. £2 15

15.—5 ft. .. £3 10

16.—6 ft. .. £4 15

If mounted on wheels, 10s. extra.

## THE VILLA POULTRY HOUSE. TENANT'S FIXTURE.



Specially suited for town gardens.

No. 7.—12 ft. by 4 ft. 6 in. by 5 ft. 9 in. high .. £4 10

No. 8.—12 ft. by 5 ft. 6 in. by 6 ft. high .. £5 10

No. 9.—16 ft. by 6 ft. 6 in. by 6 ft. 9 in. high .. £7 10

Where no wall can be utilised, the back can be boarded for 3s. extra.

## No. 10.—MOVABLE POULTRY HOUSE, for Farms.



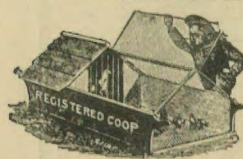
CASH PRICES, CARRIAGE PAID.

Strongly constructed for Farm use, on wheels, painted; size 6 ft. by 4 ft., for 20 Fowls .. £4 0

Larger size, 8 ft. by 6 ft., for 50 Fowls, painted .. £5 15

Without Wheels, 10s. and 15s. less.

## No. 68.—NEW PORTABLE COOP,



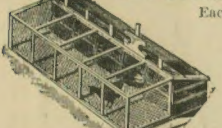
WITH RUN COMBINED.  
For Game, Chicken, and Rabbits.

CAT PROOF.  
RAT PROOF.  
SPARROW PROOF.

CASH PRICE.

5 ft. long, 2 ft. wide, 20 in. high, 15/- each.

## SETTING BOXES, with Runs.



Each Nest 15 in. by 18 in. by 18 in. high.

Runs 2 ft. long, 18 in. high.

CASH PRICES.

Five Nests, with Runs, complete, £1 15s.

Two Nests, with Runs, complete, 17s. 6d.

## No. 65.—THE KEEPER'S COOP.



CASH PRICE.

Without Run, 5/6 each.

12 Coops, 60/-, carriage paid.

Runs, with slide in front, 2/6 each extra.

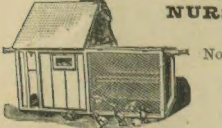
## No. 61a.—PASCALL'S CHICK FEEDING RUN.



3 ft. square by 7 1/2 in. high.

Cash price 5/6 each.

## No. 60a.—PATENT CHICKEN NURSERY or BANTAM HOUSE.



No DISEASE, NO TAINTED GROUND.

NO VERMIN; MOVABLE.

RAT PROOF, and THIEF PROOF.

Cash Price, 25/- each.

Two carriage paid.

## The 'MORANT' RABBIT HUTCH.



For Rabbit keeping in the open.

Rearing Hutch for 12 Rabbits, each .. 22/6

Breeding Hutch for does or single bucks, each .. 17/6

Double Breeding Hutch, as illustrated, each .. 30/0

## NEW ORNAMENTAL DOVE OR PIGEON COTE.



For placing against a south wall.

Cash price, £2 10s.

## No. 52a. PIGEON OR DOVE COTE ON POLE.



No. 52a.

No. 52a.

CASH PRICES:

For 4 pairs of birds .. £ 2 10 0

10 .. .. 7 0 0

15 .. .. 8 10 0

20 .. .. 10 0 0

24 .. .. 11 7 6

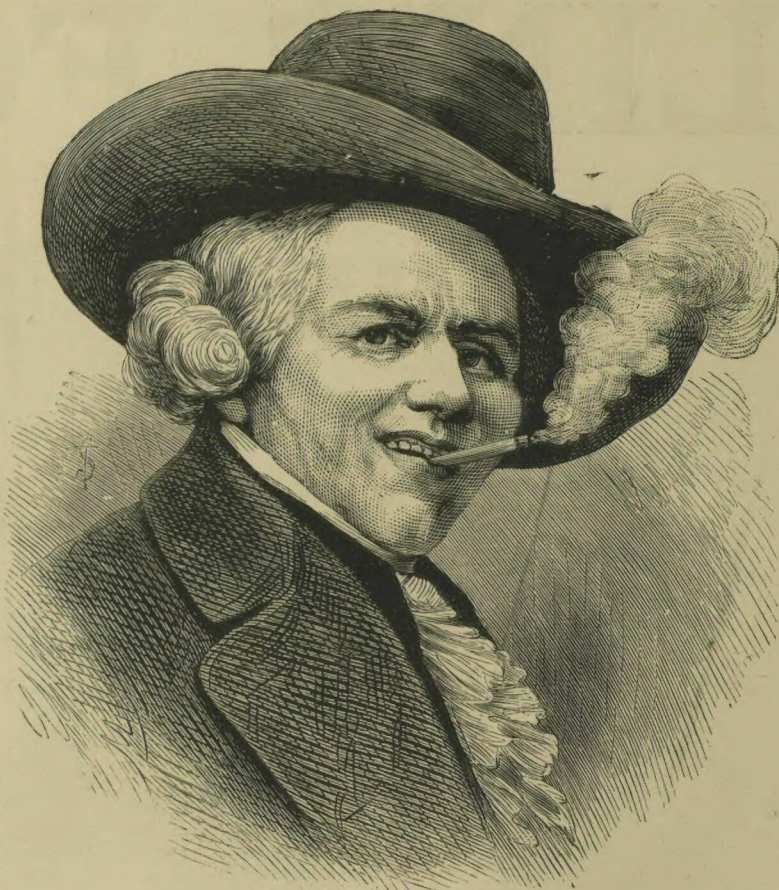
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NORWICH.**

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## CIGARETTES.

UNEQUALLED  
FOR DELICACY AND FLAVOR.

In Use all over the Globe.

THE BEST. THE SAFEST. THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE.

Free from  
Mercury.

Of Vegetable  
Drugs.

# COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS

FOR  
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LIVER,

HEADACHE,

HEARTBURN,

INDIGESTION,

ETC.

## A RIDE TO KHIVA.

By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheik, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

## COCKLE'S PILLS,

will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."



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BRONCHITIC ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, and INFLUENZA.

The "Lancet."—"A convenient and valuable remedy."

Dr. Thorowgood.—"Pure spasmodic Asthma and Asthma due to Emphysema of the lungs with co-existent bronchitis alike appear to me to be materially relieved by the Ozone Paper."

Harrison Weir, Esq.—"Your Ozone Paper has got rid of my Asthmatic affection; it is the only remedy which gave me permanent relief."

2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per Box, of all Chemists; or from the Proprietor for the amount in stamps or P.O.O. to any country within the Postal Union.

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For the past quarter of a century there has been one continuous flow of letters bearing testimony to the truly wonderful cures effected by Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture, the "finest Blood Purifier that science and medical skill have brought to light." Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind, are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Sold everywhere, at 2s. 9d. per bottle. Beware of worthless imitations or substitutes.

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New Illustrated Catalogue now ready.

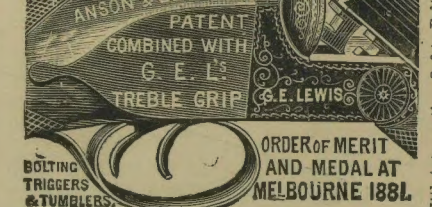
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TRADE MARK. REGD.

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G. E. LEWIS'S TREBLE GRIP, combined with Anson and Deeley's Locking, Cocking, and Automatic Safety Bolt is the most perfect weapon ever placed in the hands of the sportsman. The opening of this gun cocks it, and bolts the triggers and tumblers automatically. Prices from 20 to 40 guineas. A special plain quality, 216. Express Rifles, from 12 guineas. "The Gun of the Period," wherever shown, has always taken honours. Why buy from Dealers when you can buy it at half the price from the Maker? Any gun sent on approval on receipt of P.O.O., and remittance returned if, on receipt, it is not satisfactory. Target trial allowed. A choice of 2000 guns, rifles, and revolvers, embracing every novelty in the trade—G. E. LEWIS, Gun Maker, 32 and 33, Lower Loveday Street, Birmingham. Estab. 1850. Telegrams: "Period, Birmingham."

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For ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NIGHT COUGH, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES.

SAFE AND RELIABLE.

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